

NOV 21 1957

THE MONTH

NOVEMBER 1957

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RONALD KNOX

Some Memories

By

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

ON 13 July 1933, Fr. Ronald Knox, who died on 25 August 1957, received me into the Church, and I had hoped on the twenty-fifth anniversary of my reception to have served his Mass, as I had so often done in the past, at The Old Palace, Oxford.

Though we were born in the same year, Knox was a year senior to me at Balliol. He was my predecessor as Editor of *The Isis*, the undergraduate weekly, but we moved in very different sets and his recollections of me as an undergraduate were unflattering. "I thought of you," he admitted many years later, "as a sour Dissenter." In point of fact I was never a Dissenter, for I was brought up as an Anglican and considered myself an agnostic when Knox and I first met at Oxford, and my contacts with Knox were, if not cordial, at least faintly friendly. In my Oxford Journal I recorded the fact that I "went as Knox's guest to a paper (read by Knox) at 'The Shaftesbury.' Brilliant paper."

Knox's opinion cannot have been quite so unfavourable as he came to believe, for he gave me, as President of the Oxford Union, an official nomination for the Library Committee, the first step towards the Secretaryship, the highest office which I held. Knox's triumphant progress to the Presidency was never seriously challenged, for as a wit he was famous even as an undergraduate. It was, however, at the Union that he found himself, perhaps for the first time in his life, committed to the defence of an unpopular decision. The Union had been attacked in the columns of a newly-founded periodical for undergraduates, *The Tuesday Review*, and the Committee decided to subscribe to this paper and make it available for reading in the Club rooms. This was intended to damage the sales, for undergraduates who could read the paper at the Union would not buy it in the streets.

The Isis, for instance, was not available to members of the Union except in bound copies on the library shelves. It was widely felt that the Union had been a shade petty in indulging in reprisals on an undergraduate paper, and when the matter was brought up in private business the Committee was only saved from defeat by a compromise. Knox, who was in the Chair, looked uncomfortable. He was ill-prepared even for momentary unpopularity, but must have been cheered by the readiness of his friends to assume the main burden of the defence.

Knox was received into the Church in September, 1917, and he described his conversion in *A Spiritual Aeneid*. The earlier chapters of this book are a record of unbroken success, scholarly and social. He was elected to "Pop," membership of which is confined to the élite of Eton, a term before he would have been admitted *ex officio* as Captain of the School. At Balliol he was elected to the Annandale, an exclusive society consisting mainly of Etonians. In later life Knox remarked to me that he was far from proud of *A Spiritual Aeneid*, and the kind of critics who maintain that the literary ability of converts suffers a sharp decline after reception would find no support for this view if they compared *A Spiritual Aeneid* with his later works, *Enthusiasm*, for instance. I remember being particularly irritated by a passage in which this spoiled child of fortune, for as such I regarded him, claimed to have an instinctive sympathy for lost causes, the only evidence for which was a sentimental sympathy for the Stuarts. I had entered Harrow, just before the Boer War ended. My father, who lived in Harrow, was notorious as a Radical and as a Pro-Boer, and I had defended his views with tenacity, and been heartily kicked for my pains. "I have always," wrote Knox, "taken a Catonic pleasure in the defeated side and in setting my head against the stream." *Sed victa Catoni . . .* no doubt, but there were no Catos at Harrow to endorse and defend my attitude to the defeated Boers. If Knox, I reflected grimly, had been a Pro-Boer at Eton he would have discovered the difference between floating comfortably down and "setting his head against the stream."

In brief, the book exasperated me, and I found relief in the catharsis of an essay on *A Spiritual Aeneid*. The next problem was to find a publisher. Nobody would publish the essay as it stood, but what about a book of essays on converts to Catholicism?

Such was the genesis of *Roman Converts*, a study of five eminent converts, Newman, Manning, Chesterton (who wrote long and friendly review articles on the book both in *The Illustrated London News* and also in the *Dublin Review*), Ronald Knox and Tyrrell. I spent three years over that book and read widely, for I could not analyse the suasions that induced brilliant men to accept the claims of Rome unless I began by a detailed study of Catholic theology and apologetics. Knox's book provoked me into examining the case for the Church and was thus destined to be the first important influence in directing my steps to the Eternal City.

I sent a copy of *Roman Converts* to Ronald Knox, and was disarmed by his charming reply. "Thank you for the compliment, for it is I suppose a compliment of sorts like the crocodile pursuing Captain Hook." I remember thinking at the time that there must be unsuspected reserves in that strange religion of his, if he could reply with such humour to so hostile a study of himself and his book.

Many years later, on the day before Fr. Knox received me into the Church, I remarked to him that if he had written the kind of letter I deserved, I should never have suggested collaborating in the book which had such an influence on my conversion.

I know [replied Knox]. You narrowly escaped receiving the most terrific snorter. I had just drafted it out. Instead, with a real effort, I sat down and wrote a reasonably polite reply. This would seem [he added characteristically], to be one of the few occasions on which doing the right thing has had the right results. It was clearly right *not* to send you a snorter, and I'm glad that for once doing the right thing did not have disastrous consequences.

But for Knox I should not have written *Roman Converts*, and but for *Roman Converts* I should not have written *The Flight from Reason*, the theme of which was suggested to me by Douglas Jerrold who had read and enjoyed *Roman Converts*. So once again my reaction to a book which I disliked was the indirect cause of a prolonged study of the Catholic case.

Early in 1930 I reviewed Ronald Knox's *Caliban in Grub Street*. The book delighted me, and in the course of a desultory correspondence with Fr. Knox I broached the suggestion of a joint book to consist of letters in which I would attack and he would defend the Roman claims. It is often suggested that it was this book, *Difficulties*, which transformed me from a bitter enemy of the

Church into a convert. This is an over-simplification. I began the book in the year in which *The Flight from Reason* was published, a book which was reviewed by one writer under the impression that I was a Roman Catholic. After this book appeared I was invited to Stonyhurst and asked, though not a Catholic, to talk to a class in the hour set apart for religious instruction. I was emerging from agnosticism, not Anglicanism, and like most agnostics felt that Catholicism was the only logically defensible form of Christianity. Douglas Woodruff and Fr. D'Arcy had almost as great an influence in my conversion as Fr. Knox, and it was not indeed until nearly two years after I wrote my last letter that Fr. Knox received me into the Church.

Difficulties is one of the favourite books of a sound Protestant, a great friend of mine, Colonel C. A. de Linde. "I cannot understand," he often says, "how you became a Catholic after wiping the floor as you did with Knox." A Catholic, after I had been received, referred to this book and remarked, "The only person who thinks that Knox won is Lunn." More discerning were the comments of Antony, Viscount Knebworth. Antony, who won his half blue as a boxer, had a connoisseur's interest in verbal boxing. "You score point after point," he said, "but the odd thing is that you did not make the least impression. There is an odd reserve of strength about Knox's letters which is most impressive." After Antony was killed flying, his father sent me his copy of *Difficulties*, and it was clear to me from the passages which he underlined how deeply he had been impressed by Knox's informal apologetics.

Knox's letters are a masterpiece in a particular genre of apologetics. He could have made them superficially more effective to the outside public, but for the fact that his object was not a striking dialectic victory which might well have provoked me into trying to improve my weapons of offence, but my conversion. He knew that I was pro-Catholic. He suspected that I was reluctant to cross the frontier which separates the pro-Catholic from the Catholic, and he feared that I might linger, like Mallock, indefinitely on the threshold of the Church. Though it is an oversimplification to suggest that his letters were the only important factor in my conversion, there was one sentence which certainly hastened my submission to Rome. "There have been people—Mallock is the obvious instance—whose admiration for the

Church seemed to kill in them any appreciation of other religious approaches, yet who never, at least till death was upon them, found their way in. I would not have you undergo that agony of soul." I was touched by the evidence of personal feeling in this reference to Mallock, and for once I felt that Knox was addressing me and not a crowd of unidentified readers.

After exchanging a few of the letters published in this book I had suggested coming up to Oxford to see him, and he had replied that his time was so fully taken up with the undergraduates entrusted to his care that he had little time to spare for non-Catholics. Never did a priest make less apparent effort to win the confidence of a potential convert. Had I been easily snubbed we would not have met, but I persisted and Fr. Knox allowed me to lunch with him at Oxford, and remarked as I left that if I wanted to come and see him again he would not mind much.

If he treated me with more tenderness in our correspondence than many of his Catholic readers might have wished, this was only because he detected the occasional sign of an approaching agreement masked for the moment by increasingly aggressive attack. In a new edition of his book to which we both contributed additional letters, he wrote,

It (our book) gives you the rare opportunity of seeing a fellow-creature snap-shotted in the act of getting the grace of faith. . . . To be sure there is no lack of *récits de conversion*. . . . But even in the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, even in the *Apologia*, you are conscious that your author is reading the past—how could it be otherwise?—with the eyes of the present. But you, writing at the moment when the thing was happening, have preserved the authentic record of a defeat.

You were clutching at straws, as we commonly do when we begin drowning in the well of truth; and all the time with less confidence, less hopefully. . . . It was a good thing, I think, that you did not choose a more adroit opponent, . . . in proportion as the reader is led to exclaim, "Fancy being convinced by arguments like that!" he will be led to wonder whether it is, after all, entirely a matter of argument. *Di me terrent et Jupiter hostis*—you were up against something you hadn't bargained for, and it wasn't me.

A lay apologist defending the Church enjoys a greater freedom than a priest for the same reason that back benchers are allowed

greater freedom than Cabinet Ministers, whose pronouncements commit the Government. Fr. Knox's defence of the doctrine of eternal punishment in our book was more conservative than the views which he expressed in private. No Christian, Catholic or Protestant, could repudiate the belief in eternal punishment without repudiating Christ, in whose teaching this belief is central, but Catholics differ widely as to the nature of the punishment. In my controversy with Cyril Joad (*Is Christianity True?*), Joad wrote an eloquent attack on the doctrine of eternal punishment. Though I was not a Catholic at the time I was anxious to defend the doctrine within the limits of Catholic orthodoxy. I submitted what I had written to a distinguished Catholic theologian who said, "Nothing in your letter is contrary to what has been defined *de fide* about Hell, but your interpretation of the doctrine would probably be censured if you were a Catholic." An American priest, however, not only endorsed but enthusiastically applauded what I had written, "At last a sane view of Hell," was the title of an article which he wrote and published in an ecclesiastical review. I was not surprised when he was censured for the rashness of the views which he was defending. The fact is, of course, that opinions which are regarded as "theologically rash" can be ignored if expressed by a layman, but not if expressed by a priest. There was little difference in substance between the views which I expressed in my letter to Joad and the views which I expressed in *Now I See*, but *Now I See* in its Italian translation received an *imprimatur* in Rome, notoriously the most difficult *imprimatur* to get.

Knox was a little uneasy about my orthodoxy so far as Hell was concerned, and on the eve of my reception he said, "By the way I've just been reading your letter about Hell in our correspondence. I presume you've changed your views since then."

"Of course."

"Well, what *do* you believe about Hell?"

"I believe all that the Church teaches," I replied firmly.

"But what does the Church teach?"

"Well, you ought to know," I said, "you're a theologian."

"I suppose we must pass that," said Knox.

"I'll admit to you," said Knox, after he had given me a pass mark for my answer on Hell, "that Hell was the only difficulty which I mentioned to the priest when he received me. I believed

in Hell because it is an integral part of the Christian religion. The doctrine of eternal punishment is like a bulky parcel which I could only just squeeze into an overflowing bag."

"And then only," I said, "because it is a Revelation bag."

"A priest whom I knew," Knox continued, "confided to me that he cherished a hope that Our Lady at the Judgment Day would intercede with God and that all souls would be released from Hell, but I do not see how one could reconcile such a hope with the explicit statements of our Lord."

I spent many a week-end with Knox at The Old Palace, the home of the Oxford chaplaincy, and I gradually came to see that the letter in which he had tried to put me off coming down to Oxford was not intended as a snub. It was the plain truth that his time was so taken up with his Catholic flock that he had no time to spare for non-Catholics. Certainly no Catholic chaplain could ever have devoted himself with more single-minded determination to the task of reinforcing the faith of undergraduates, subject to the influences of a university environment which is increasingly permeated by secular values. Knox was by temperament a shy recluse, but nobody who stayed with him at Oxford would have suspected that he ever found it a strain to live surrounded by undergraduates, four of whom actually lived with him at the Old Palace. I seldom saw him alone in his room. He inspired in the young not only great affection but also great respect and this in spite of an informality—many of his university friends addressed him as Ronnie—which shocked his more conservative colleagues.¹ He did not stand on his dignity, but though unexacting so far as deference to himself was concerned, he never sought to ingratiate himself by being equally unexacting in his interpretation of Catholic Faith and Morals. There is one sentence in *The Mass in Slow Motion* which explains why Knox could get away with the kind of informality which in some preachers might be resented by the young.

Goodness knows how many times you've watched me turn round and greet you with the *Dominus vobiscum*, or pass from side to side of the sanctuary asking God to keep *this* and *this* and *this* soul safe till it reaches eternal life.

¹ "All my life," he wrote, "I have been indifferent to the use of titles; complete strangers referred to me, sometimes in my hearing, as 'Ronnie Knox'—if anything it was the surname that was regarded as optional." *On Englishing the Bible*. Preface, page v.

These sermons, published by Sheed and Ward, were delivered to a girls' school, The Convent of the Assumption, which was evacuated in 1940 from Kensington to Aldenham. As you read these sermons you do not merely feel, you *know* that Knox was not trying to impress *himself* but the Church on his congregation. His passionate determination to evoke in his young listeners a love for and understanding of the Mass shines through the transparent veil of what he describes as "a highly specialised art-form, that of sermons to school girls." This book is not only an ideal gift for the young but also for the old. The very unconventionality of this "specialised art-form" helps to fix in the reader's memory things he might otherwise forget. Consider for instance this comment on *et omnium circumstantium*,

Having been through that bit of self-humiliation, the priest is now allowed to remember that he is a human being, and some people do interest him more than others. He is allowed for a moment, to stop talking Latin; to think, for a moment, of the people for whose needs he personally wants this Mass to be an availing sacrifice. I ask God to convert Stalin or whatever it may be. And immediately after that I go on to say *et omnium circumstantium*, "Please don't think I want you to listen to *me* more than to any of those horrible little creatures who are fidgeting behind me—*Quorum tibi fides cognita est, et nota devotio*—they really believe in you, they are really quite pious, some of them, and each of them has her own intention that she is thinking about at this moment, and it's just as good as mine. So please take it that this goes for Mary Jane's intention as well as mine. *Pro quibus tibi offerimus*; I am offering this sacrifice for them just as much as myself. *Vel qui tibi offerunt*, and they, just as much as myself, are offering this Mass, so please don't convert Stalin if you would sooner convert Mary Jane's aunt. They are offering the Mass *pro se suisque omnibus*, for themselves and all they love; their souls want saving, they need health of body and soul, preservation of body and soul from all harm that might befall them; some of them asked rather specially to be called this morning, so please bless every one of them every bit as much as me."

The young are quick to resent patronage and to despise those who attempt to ingratiate themselves by playing down to them and interpolating the kind of slang which they suppose to be current among those whom they are addressing, but a friend of mine who heard these sermons, as a girl, assured me that the girls were enchanted with his humour and that the very unconven-

tionality of his approach impressed on their minds the deeper lessons which he was trying to bring home to them. They responded to the passionate sincerity of his preoccupation with their souls, and instinctively realised that if he seemed sometimes to lower himself to their level it was only to raise them to his or rather to a level far above anything which he, in his humility, believed himself to have attained. "The wittiest churchman in England," as he was described in an admirable *Times* obituary, "was as earnest as he was witty and as devout as he was diverting," with the felicitous result that his wit reinforced rather than detracted from the essential earnestness of his aim. Though he was acutely conscious of his responsibilities for the souls entrusted to his care, he did not go out of his way to make converts, "for as a rule," he wrote to me, "no good is done by arguing the Catholic case with an individual unless he has already begun to be attracted to the Faith (or unless he asked for it as you did!)"

"The Church," he once remarked to me, "gets on by hook and by crook, the hook of the fisherman who hopes for a rich haul of converts, and the crook of the shepherd whose chief concern is to safeguard his own flock," and he added characteristically, "I'm more of a crook than a hook."

In his attitude to other communions Knox was detached rather than aggressive. I once asked him whether he did not think it needlessly irritating to refer to Anglo-Catholics as Protestants. "I don't refer to *them* as Protestants," he said, "but I'm entitled to say, 'When I was a Protestant.'" Nobody would describe the Greek Orthodox as Protestants, and yet unlike pre-conversion Knox they protested against the claims of the Pope, to which I suppose Knox would have replied that the Tsar, unlike the Head of the English Church, did not at his Coronation swear to defend the Protestant religion. My own instinct is to emphasise the points on which we agree with Anglo-Catholics, but when I said something to this effect Knox replied, "But you were never an Anglo-Catholic, and you were never taken in by Anglo-Catholic claims," and he added, "I have to keep reminding myself that I was in perfectly good faith when I maintained that the Church of England was a branch of the Catholic Church, and consequently I must not doubt the good faith of those who continue to believe what I once believed."

I asked him once whether he felt nearer to a Baptist like Dr. Horton with whom he agreed on the basic Christian doctrines or an agnostic like Gilbert Murray. "Of course, I'm nearer in belief to Dr. Horton," he replied, "But if you ask me which of the two I'd choose for a companion on a walking tour it would be Gilbert Murray all the time." Knox would have preferred Gilbert Murray not only to Dr. Horton but also to the less congenial members of his own Church. Those who belonged to the household of the Faith were very dear to him, but he would have been honest enough to admit that because of the frailty of our nature our cultural sympathies are often stronger than community of faith.

I'm not going to decide, [he wrote to me], whether the average Catholic Mexican is what you call "a better man" than the average Protestant Englishman; I do not know—I know which I would rather take with me on a walking tour, but that is not the same thing. I prefer Englishmen to the natives of any other country in the world, but that is not going to do them much good, poor dears, at the Day of Judgment.

Knox's circle of really intimate friends was very small, but there was an outer circle, to which I hope I belonged. In his personal relations with such friends he was too reserved to say anything which might imply a modicum of affection. During the final phase of our *Difficulties* correspondence I was passing through a time of acute financial anxiety, for the family firm was threatened with liquidation. "I do hope," said Knox with an unusual touch of tenderness in his voice, "that things will turn out all right," and then, as if embarrassed by the hint of sentiment, he added, "if you do become a Catholic, it would be a pity if this could be explained as the result of a mental breakdown following acute anxiety." I assured him that I would bear this in mind.

Knox found it easier to express sympathy in deed than in word. I remember the first time I served his Mass being surprised to discover a cushion on the altar steps. He had guessed that an old mountain injury might make kneeling painful to me, as indeed it sometimes does. He hid from the world, as the writer of *The Times* obituary truly said, "serenity of spirit born of a humble love of God and a profound compassion for His creatures."

In *A Spiritual Aeneid* he confessed to vanity as "one of the

vices I knew to be in my nature," and provided the enemy with evidence in support of this admission, but vanity is not necessarily inconsistent with humility, for praise may be welcome as an antidote to the gloom produced by self-knowledge. There was an authentic humility about Knox which I only began to discover as acquaintanceship evolved into friendship. His humility and absence of pretentiousness disarmed people who might otherwise have been over-awed by his reputation. Priests are exacting judges of eminent ecclesiastics, and no priest was more popular with the clergy, particularly as a giver of retreats. He and I once spoke from the same platform and after we had done our stuff we adjourned to a room where a reception was given for the clerics in the neighbourhood. It was delightful to watch Knox's technique for drawing out a young priest who seemed at first rather shy in the presence of this celebrity.

His range of pleasures was narrow. He was happiest in the society of the few intimate friends with whom he felt completely at ease. He enjoyed the exercise of his craft, writing: and in later years delighted not only in translating the Bible but in expounding what he deemed to be the correct principles of translation. It was very appropriate that his last public appearance should have been to deliver the Romanes lecture on translation. Among his minor amusements may be mentioned acrostics and composing epigrams in Greek and Latin.

"I think," wrote Knox in the extra letter which he contributed to the new post-conversion edition of *Difficulties*, "that I have less stomach now for controversy, and I am surprised at the energy with which I kept up the shuttlecock in those days." It would have been truer to say that his zest for controversy had been deflected from apologetics into arguments about translation. Whereas he replied with disarming gentleness to my attack on *A Spiritual Aeneid*, he wrote me an extremely cross letter when I criticised his translation of the Gospels.

I have spent an hour trying to find the letters which Knox and I exchanged about his translation. The first of the letters I was looking for was, as I well remember, a very cross reaction to my criticisms of his translation. I replied by asking him as a priest to give me his opinion on a question of conscience. Should I continue to plead for what I thought was in the best interests of the Church in England, an adapted Authorised Version,

knowing full well that I had not the slightest chance of success, or should I subordinate honesty to affection and write with more enthusiasm of his translation than I felt? Knox replied with a charming letter which ended by the promise to say Mass for me next day. Here, of course, he had the advantage of me, for I could not reciprocate.

The last time we met was in a London hospital, a few days before his unsuccessful operation for cancer. Douglas and Mia Woodruff had driven me round. He was his gay, witty self and such was the infection of his courage that I left full of hope that he would make a complete recovery.

At the beginning of August 1957 I was lunching at the Villa Taranto, my host and friend of many years being Neil McEachern, the creator of the most famous modern garden in Italy. Among his guests was Lord Evans, physician to the Queen. A rumour had reached me that Knox was dead and I asked my host and fellow guests if they knew whether his death had been announced.

"I am sure I should know," said Lord Evans, "because I'm very interested. Your friend was staying with the Prime Minister at 10 Downing Street, and Macmillan, who is very fond of him, asked me if I would come round and have a look at him. The Monsignor was very anxious to give the Romanes lecture at Oxford and Macmillan wanted me to advise as to whether he should. It was obvious to me that Knox was dying, and this being so there was no point in stopping him giving this lecture which he had set his heart on doing. Knox wanted to know how long I thought he'd live. His literary plans depended on my answer. He wondered whether it was worth while to start on a new book. How long could I give him? I'm often asked that question, but many of those who ask it do not in their heart of hearts want an honest answer. People cling to life so, and most of us are mainly thinking of ourselves. But your friend really wanted the truth. I felt that he was wholly reconciled to death, and that all that interested him was the time-table. Was it worth while to start a new book! I felt that he was detached from this world. The Prime Minister was impressed in much the same way. I wrote to Knox afterwards to tell him that the hour I spent with him was one of the most impressive experiences in my life."

After lunch I walked sadly up to the Villa San Remigio where

I was staying. Old memories came back to me, memories of strolls with Ronnie through Christ Church Meadows, and of the slow ripening friendship which had its roots in the formal courtesies of controversy in a disappearing tradition. I paused for a few moments on the Upper Terrace where I had said good-bye just before Italy entered the war to my beloved hostess, Anglo-Irish by birth and Italian by marriage, and wondered sadly whether we should ever meet again. This terrace, once the setting for the most sorrowful partings and the most joyful of reunions is now linked in memory with the day when I lost all hope of ever seeing Ronnie again in this world. Whereas in the war a sudden vision of the tranquil beauty of Maggiore would intrude into noisy skies patterned by tracer shells, on that Sunday afternoon even the blue immensities of the lake and the diminuendo of the hills that stooped towards Lombardy could not hold me. I was back again in The Old Palace, that legacy from an Oxford undefiled by the Industrial Revolution, the dark timbers, the stairs bent by the weight of centuries—how one misses such stairs in the New World—the chapel with its odd acoustics so that the cheerful splashing of undergraduates in the bathroom sometimes competed with the *Sanctus* bell, the dining-room where the Curé d'Ars beamed benignly across a large beer barrel . . . all this confusion of memories is somehow inextricably associated with memories of Ronnie and with the discovery of that household “where the human spirit has hearth and a roof.”

The chapel in which I was received has now been turned into a club-room and a lecture room for the Newman Society, and a larger temporary chapel has been built in the garden, an inevitable change which I none the less regret. I never pass down that little passage which once led from the Chaplain's library to the old chapel without a subconscious expectation of seeing Ronnie reappear . . . *Expetebant eum oculi mei, et non dabatur.* . . .

Ronald Knox, great master of that delicate instrument for the communication of thought, the English language, will speak to us no more, but we may be sure that his intercession for the congregation which meets in The Old Palace will not cease, and I should be very sad if I could not hope that Ronnie who received me into the Church will remember my last letter to him when I knew him to be dying, and will continue to help me in my efforts to achieve an undeserved beatitude.

MYSTICISM NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL

By
E. I. WATKIN

A STUDY OF MYSTICISM has recently appeared¹ based on a very wide knowledge of literature dealing with mystical experiences or what are claimed to be such, from the most diverse creeds and even scepticisms. This comprehensive material has been carefully pondered and compared. Readers of Professor Zaehner's book will acquire valuable knowledge within the wide field it covers and many will be obliged to reconsider much hitherto perhaps taken too readily for granted. The book therefore deserves the attention and careful study of all concerned practically or theoretically with mystical theology. Nevertheless I find myself in disagreement with many of Professor Zaehner's conclusions, though in some cases my disagreement, I believe, is rather with his language than his intended meaning. The erudition and reflection which have gone to this study make it the more important and the more worth while to submit the author's conclusions to a careful examination, and where I must dissent from them to justify my dissent.

Professor Zaehner's fundamental thesis indeed is entirely convincing. Not every mystical experience is authentic supernatural mysticism such as is exemplified supremely and normatively by the great Catholic mystics. The author, I might add, is, he informs us, himself a Catholic. There is also a purely natural mysticism which neither experiences nor of itself can advance the soul's supernatural union with God. Mescalin cannot, as Mr. Aldous Huxley suggests, bestow an authentic mystical experience such as the Christian mystic experiences. For drugs cannot unite a soul closer to God. Moreover, a monist theology denying the reality and permanence of the human subject leaves no place for

¹ *Mysticism Sacred and Profane: An Enquiry into some Varieties of Praeternatural Experience*, by Professor R. C. Zaehner (Oxford, The Clarendon Press, 42s).

the mystical union between the soul and God. For, as Professor Zaehner urges, union presupposes more than one term. On the other hand, I am dissatisfied by the author's explanation of the nature mystic's experience, including the experience of some, though by no means all, who have taken mescalin—there was nothing in the least mystical in his own experience of the drug related in detail in Appendix B—and even of some manic-depressive lunatics, for example Mr. John Custance, whose account is here studied.

That there may be an experience of the soul itself in its highest and deepest being as an immortal spirit I should also agree, and Professor Zaehner convinces me that such was in fact the experience of Marcel Proust. There may be, as in the case of Huxley after taking mescalin, an experience of the unity of nature and a corresponding disappearance of the normal experience of a separate self. This experience of the unity of all things is aptly termed by Professor Zaehner a pan-en-henic experience, an experience of all in one. Here also I agree. But I am not convinced that this is an experience of Jung's "collective unconscious"—whose nature is difficult to grasp and whose existence is an unproven hypothesis or what the author identifies with it, a created world-soul penetrating and filling nature, at most no more than a possibility. Nor could this extremely hypothetical world-soul be identical with anything reasonably denominated a collective unconscious, though the latter might conceivably be a particular product and manifestation of the former. Professor Zaehner himself complains justifiably of Jung's imprecise and vague conceptions. It was surely a pity to introduce them.

Though the pan-en-henic experience of the nature mystic, as also his experience of his own spirit, is rightly regarded as an experience of objective reality, however imprecise the author's understanding of it, on occasion he seems to consider it a subjective illusion of the manic state of "the manic-depressive psychosis." If, however, we would do justice to the experienced objectivity elsewhere fully admitted, we must conclude that such a manic-depressive as Mr. Custance did experience a genuine contact with God immanent in nature but as a result of his mental derangement misconceived it as a personal deification.

The author of the *Epistle of Privy Counsel* tells us that God is the positivity of creatures to whom or to which He communicates

a being which reflects His own, much as my face reflected in a mirror is in a very true sense my face—"He is thy" (their) "being, but thou" (they) "not His." If we agree, we must conclude that the experience of the nature mystic cannot be simply an experience of nature or of his own spirit apart from God, but must be an experience of God immanent in His creatures, though solely as immanent. Moreover, this Divine Immanence constitutes the universal unity of all that God thus "exists,"¹ and underlying their diversity, the natural solidarity of souls and nature experienced by the nature mystic. No need to postulate a world-spirit or a collective unconscious. Moreover this immanent and productive Deity must be experienced as a Reality such that creatures are *comparatively* unreal. Such a natural experience of God as the immanent ground alike of the soul and nature sufficiently explains a temporary submergence of the separate self-consciousness and the awareness of a universal unity. It is not surprising that a drug, Huxley's mescalin or William James's nitrous oxide, should on occasion produce this natural mystical experience. For it may produce what I call transparency, by which I mean, consciousness of the central self normally subconscious, the self rooted most deeply in God, and, in Him as the positivity of nature, consciousness of the unity of nature thus effected. Nor is it surprising if on occasion a madness which deranges the discursive reason may produce a similar transparency. Professor Zaehner summing-up the evidence, notes as characters of nature mysticism, (1) "An intense communion with nature in which subject and object seem identical," (2) "The abdication of the ego to another centre, the 'self' of Jungian psychology," (3) "A return to a state of innocence and the consequent sense that the subject of the experience has passed beyond good and evil," (4) "The complete certainty that the soul is immortal, and that death is therefore at least irrelevant and at most a ludicrous impossibility." All four, however, are by no means present in all natural mystical experiences. And (3) seems to be a misinterpretation of the experienced fact, that since evil is negative, the positive being of all creatures is good and God "exists" that positive good.

This fundamental reference to God of natural mystical experience is ignored by Professor Zaehner because, since the

¹ This transitive use of "exist" is a valuable coinage of Otto in his study of Sankara and Eckhardt.

experience is purely of God as immanent, the subject is unaware of God as distinct from the soul or nature and therefore normally does not mention Him.

Richard Jefferies, as Professor Zaehner points out, passed beyond his natural experience of natural life and spirit immanent in it—I should say the Divine Immanence—and of the immortal soul to a supernatural experience of Divine transcendence, to aspirations after union with a Being wholly other than nature—"more than Deity," the Absolute Godhead. This, however, was an exceptional sequence. Professor Zaehner regards it as normal, indeed indispensable. The soul, he tells us, cannot attain the higher and supernatural mystical experience until it has experienced and passed through the lower natural mystical experience and in its most powerful form. "In every discipline that calls itself mystical, *the first step* must be the . . . destruction of the sense of individuality: only then can one say . . . I am this all, thereby identifying oneself with undifferentiated Man or, farther back still, with undifferentiated Nature." The mirror of the soul must be cleansed by "total detachment from created things" before "the *via mystica* proper of the Christian begins." This, I submit, is simply untrue. The natural mystical experience does not in fact produce this degree of detachment. Nor does the Christian mystic in fact begin with a purely natural experience of the Divine Immanence or a drastic natural detachment. From the outset he advances on the road of supernatural union with the God who transcends nature, and the process of purgation and detachment is progressively accomplished by the supernaturally mystical nights of sense and spirit. I can agree with the author that the goal of Indian Yoga is contemplation of the detached and isolated human spirit. And he makes out, I admit, a plausible case that this is in fact also the goal of the advaita (non-dual) Vedanta and of Mahayana Buddhism. Nevertheless I am not convinced, though I must frankly confess that I am inevitably prejudiced by previous conviction and expression of a contrary belief. For Professor Zaehner does not recognise the possibility of which I am convinced, that a genuine mystical experience of the supernatural order may be misinterpreted by an erroneous philosophy or theology. Though mystical *union* is incompatible with monism, identity of the subject and God, of the self and the Absolute, it is not therefore incompatible with a monist mis-

interpretation of what is in fact union as being a realisation of identity. The mystical experience of Sankara is judged and pronounced purely natural on the score of his conceptual monism, the mystical experience of Ramanuja accepted as genuinely supernatural because his philosophy is theist, distinguishing Brahman from human selves. I find this difficult to credit. Moreover, as the Jesuit Fr. Johanns has shown in his book, *To Christ through the Vedanta*, Ramanuja's doctrine of the Godhead is actually less satisfactory than Sankara's, which is substantially that of St. Thomas.

Nor am I encouraged to accept Professor Zaehner's judgment of Sankara by an unfair depreciation of his hymn to Govinda (Krishna) on the ground that "half its value would seem to lie in the repetition of the refrain . . . a well-known technique for inducing a state of self hypnosis." Père Maréchal has pointed out¹ that much of the value of the Rosary consists in the power of its repetitions to soothe (hypnotise) the surface consciousness and thus assist the central spirit to concentrate upon God. Such repetitive formulas, he continues, "are a necessary first step to interior devotion and often remain its indispensable support." It is surely to Sankara's credit not discredit that he recognised this psychological truth and made use of it. That he does not believe in Govinda's ultimate reality, whereas the Catholic telling his beads is convinced of the complete and ultimate reality of Jesus and Mary, is but to say that Hinduism is not the religion revealed by God. It neither reflects on his personal holiness nor casts doubt upon his experience of God.

Though Professor Zaehner gives us good reason to believe that the monism prevalent among Muslim Sufis derived from an Indian source, undeniably a monist experience is recorded by Catholic mystics who have no affiliation to Hindu or Islamic mysticism or even acquaintance with either. "The soul, in that case, discerneth neither time nor place nor image but a certain vacuity . . . both as in regard of herself as of all other things. And then it is as if there were nothing at all in being saving herself and God: and God and she not as two distinct things but as one only thing and as if there were no other thing in being." So Fr. Augustine Baker in a passage of his *Remains* from which Professor Zaehner himself quotes. And in an unpublished passage from his

¹ *Studies in the Psychology of the Mystics*, Vol. I (Eng. trans.), pp. 157-8.

Secretum, Baker writes, "In the state of perfection" ("the state of perfect union") . . . "there will be so immediate and straight an union, that in that union she [the soul] shall not discern herself from God, but it will seem unto her that God and she are but one and the selfsame thing without any distinction, division or separation between them. And it will seem unto her for the time that she is turned to be God and to have lost her being of a creature." Whatever be the truth of the charge brought against Eckhardt of teaching monism, which Professor Zaehner is disposed to credit, or how far we are to take literally monist statements by Angelus Silesius—I believe with the author they are simply the language of poetry—Baker, at any rate, was no monist.

Evidently there is a monist experience independent of a monist theology. And such an experience surely explains the monist theology of India and its endorsement by Islamic mystics. I can see no good reason, therefore, to discriminate between instances of the same experience. Moreover, for Baker this monist experience is most emphatically not a preliminary stage of purely natural mysticism but the goal of the *via mystica*, the perfection of a supernatural union. His Catholic faith, however, made impossible the monist interpretation suggested *prima facie* by the experience. For Baker it is the submergence of selfconsciousness by an experience of the Divine Union communicated to the soul by grace. If indeed, and this is a criticism of the monist interpretation wherever found, the experience were in fact the experience of a total disappearance of the subject, so that there were nothing but God in being, it is difficult to understand how, when the experience has passed, the subject can remember and speak of it. After all, he can remember and describe only what is his experience, not simply and solely God's experience of Himself. For *ex hypothesi* the illusory self which remembers and relates the experience did not exist during the experience. Indeed, the monistic Sufi, Ghazali, Professor Zaehner informs us, admitted the force of this argument as proving that the obliteration of the subject was not after all complete.

Professor Zaehner recognises the fact of a supernatural union so close that the soul is deified by it, "is simply the container of Deity." He speaks of it, however, in language which, if taken literally, affirms an ultimate monism, though not natural but

the product of grace. "The soul . . . is slowly transmuted into the substance of the Deity," her "complete transmutation into the Divine Essence." Such transubstantiation of the soul into God, by no means what is meant when St. John of the Cross speaks of the soul's *transformation* into God, is a metaphysical impossibility. Nor is it consistent with the truth expressed in the same passage, that the "soul remaining itself" . . . contains Deity "as a wine-glass contains wine." It is strange that so patent a contradiction escaped the writer's notice. Yet it would obviously be unwarrantable to conclude from this unfortunate misstatement that the author is not in fact speaking of authentic and supernatural mysticism. Is he then justified in drawing such a conclusion from the conceptualisations of Sankara and other oriental monists? Such imprecisions and inconsistencies seriously damage a book which gave promise of a more satisfactory treatment of its theme.

And there are others. Criticising Huxley's statement that "the urge to escape from selfhood and the environment is in almost everyone," Professor Zaehner says that it is obviously untrue, and that "it would only be sidestepping the issue to say that the 'urge' is more often than not unconscious, since, until the urge has been brought up into consciousness, it cannot be stated that it is there at all." A few pages later he can write: "The Churches in England are leaving unsatisfied a human religious need more genuinely felt" than Huxley's urge to escape "*albeit often unconsciously . . . the need to get into contact with the Divine Reality.*" In fact an unconscious desire can be real and potent.

Nor is it very clear how the writer understands the relation between the ego transcended even by the nature mystic, that is to say for the duration of his experience, and the immortal spirit that is the object of one form of such natural mystical experience, the ego which "abdicates" and the other centre, the self which takes its place. The latter would seem to be every bit as much an ego, a particular self, as the former. Personally I distinguish between the spirit as it transcends the body and its life, and the *same spirit* as it ensouls the body and gives it life. But Professor Zaehner gives no such explanation nor suggests any alternative.

"The Infinite," we are told, "must be infinitely divisible,

just as any monad is infinitely fractionable." The Infinite Godhead is, on the contrary, perfectly simple. It cannot be divided in any way, not therefore to produce souls. For the context suggests that the human soul is somehow an emanation from the Godhead. And in the same vein elsewhere, Professor Zaehner writes: "we must interpret the creation of Adam as *an original infusion of the divine essence* into what had previously been an anthropoid ape. . . . Adam after he sinned . . . did not and could not destroy his soul because this soul was *infused* into him *from God and was therefore itself divine*." After all, it would appear, though for Professor Zaehner the atman, the soul, is not, as for Sankara, Brahman, God, it is a part of God, an efflux of the Divine Substance. This involves a view of the Godhead actually less acceptable than Sankara's to Christian theism. Presumably we should not press his language, which, as we have seen, is inconsistent and imprecise. But in a work primarily of distinction and judgement, accuracy and precision are indispensable. It is to be deplored that such wide learning, so much that is illuminating, for example what is said of sexual union as a reflection of the soul's union with God, of love as the substance and manifestation of genuine mystical union, should be marred by theological statement so bizarre and so inconsistent.

It is a minor matter that the primitive Agape, the setting of the Eucharist, should be confused with the Eucharist itself, that "quixotic" should be misused to mean unrealistic, illusory. Suso does not in his autobiography speak of himself "in the feminine gender." On the contrary he pictures, even sees the Divine Wisdom as feminine, a beautiful maiden. I must also demur to denominating mystical experiences "praeternal"—"varieties of *praeternal* experience." The experiences studied in this book are natural or, at any rate in origin, supernatural, certainly not praeternal. Even the accidental concomitants of mysticism studied by Fr. Thurston and rightly excluded from the purview of this study, e.g., stigmata, levitation, complete abstinence from food, are better termed paranormal than praeternal. For a natural explanation far from being excluded is to be expected.

JEAN BAPTISTE LAMY—II

First Archbishop of Santa Fe

By

PAUL HORGAN

IN AUGUST OF 1866 Lamy gave to Rome an accounting of his first sixteen years in the old river kingdom. The bloom of growth was over all he described. Civilisation was emerging under his touch. As people in old Mexican towns and Indian pueblos came to know him well, and to feel his interest, the parishes revived. The spirit of growth in religion created growth in all other beneficial expressions of society. For the bishop was not content to preach charity—he must enact it, and lead others to enact it, using all the daily materials of life. To make this possible, people must have chances to learn, and to build, and to give thanks for their blessings on earth by using them to bring alive a future of hope and opportunity for their families. By a simple extension of his own character, the bishop, in expressing his faith and doing his duty, also created for the old Spanish kingdom a sense of social enlightenment through which for the first time in all her three centuries her men, women and children could advance their condition and so come to be masters instead of victims of their environment.

Within a year of his arrival in Santa Fe the bishop had felt able to leave to attend a council of the American bishops at Baltimore. On the way home he stopped in Bardstown, Kentucky, to recruit six Lorette nuns whom he brought to Santa Fe. They founded a convent school for girls who learning their faith would learn also how to be proper housekeepers and mothers of enlightened families. In 1853 the vicariate apostolic was raised to the rank of diocese, and a year later the bishop went to France on the first of the many journeys taken by himself and later by Machebeuf to enlist young priests for the tasks in New Mexico. New Mexico, he reported in 1866, had one hundred and ten thousand Mexicans and fifteen thousand Catholic Indians. To serve

the great diocese he now had forty-one priests where he had arrived to find nine. Most of the ruined churches had been repaired, and he had built eighty-five new ones, and the total number was one hundred and thirty-five. They were all made of earth, and had "no architectural character," and were as poor inside as out. But—this was what mattered to him—they were "well frequented."

And so were the schools. He now had three in Santa Fe "in full prosperity, with never fewer than two hundred pupils, and often three hundred." In almost every mission there was one school, and in some, several. The pupils were taught "English, Spanish, reading, writing, geography, history and arithmetic." There were now five Loretteine convents and academies in the diocese, and on New Year's Day, 1866, four nuns of St. Vincent de Paul opened the first orphanage and hospital in New Mexico, using the bishop's own house which he gave up to the purpose. All these signs of compassionate belief in the dignity of human beings and their right to growth were made against the familiar background of primitive techniques and general poverty in the New Mexico Rio Grande country. He reported, "There are no factories of any kind here," and "in New Mexico we have only the most rigorously necessary things for our existence." By this he quite simply meant "bread and meat." But his plans prospered, and there was goodwill all about him, for everyone, including non-Catholics—like the military commander of New Mexico who gave him a thousand dollars toward the new orphanage—was eager to help him in his work.

The bishop—older now, in his fifties, grey-haired, and more gaunt than ever with his weathered cheeks—felt the excitement of all who built in harmony with the creative spirit of their times. It would not be long until New Mexico's isolation would dissolve like a cloud. The future was coming. It was no banality to remark this of a land where there had been nothing to look forward to for centuries but continued isolation, and more poverty and ignorance, and their offspring civil violence. "Railroads," he told the Central Council for the Propagation of the Faith at Rome, "are building in the west in California; and from the east in Missouri and Texas." When they should reach New Mexico they would "change entirely the condition of things," with development everywhere—in the mines, the animal indus-

tries, the cultivation of fruit, wider employment, modern construction, perhaps even factories. And everything could work to the honour and glory of God, even these material forces. For "in this general increase of resources, this mission," he wrote, "will without doubt find extension and a way of sustaining the great, heavy loads, which are always found in new undertakings. Providence will never abandon us. . . ." In a sense of identity with his New Mexico, he no longer signed himself as "Jean" but as "Juan" B. Lamy. There was one detail he did not trouble to include. In 1863 he had worked for the passage of the first Public School Act of New Mexico, and when it became law, he was, along with the Territorial Governor and the Secretary of State, a member of the commission erected by the legislature to administer it. Only a few years before, given an earlier chance to vote on the creation of free schools, the citizens had defeated the measure. The social climate had changed with the general effort at enlightenment under his example.

Increasing settlement of the West added heavy burdens to the work of the See of Santa Fe. In 1867, upon Lamy's recommendation, Colorado was detached from the diocese and given its own vicar apostolic—Machebeuf, who in his turn received the mitre. A year later Arizona was similarly organised, with Fr. Juan B. Salpointe as vicar apostolic. In 1869 Bishop Salpointe presented himself at Rome, in company with Bishop Machebeuf, and the two were closely questioned by Pius IX about their vast outlands. Returning through France, their fatherland, they paused to do an errand for the Bishop of Santa Fe. When Bishop Salpointe arrived home in the south-west, he was able to say that the errand was done, for he had arranged for French architects, Antoine and Projectus Mouly, father and son, and several skilled stone-cutters, to come to Santa Fe where they would build out of native rock the cathedral of St. Francis. In its style it reflected Bishop Lamy's memory of his natal province; for it was made in the image of the Romanesque churches of Auvergne, whose blunt arches bore weight like shoulders lifted in stolid duty.

On Wednesday, 16 June, 1875, at daybreak, cannonading sounded over Santa Fe in salute from Fort Marcy. Shortly afterwards the students' band of music from St. Michael's College came before the bishop's house to serenade him. In the streets, which were

decorated with evergreens, small boys set off firecrackers, while the bells of the still unfinished cathedral and the other churches sent out widening rings of sound that met in the brilliant air. The old capital was beginning its greatest day of jubilee, for it was celebrating the elevation of the diocese of Santa Fe to the rank of a metropolitan see, and Juan Baptiste Lamy was appointed by Pope Pius IX to be its first archbishop. This was extraordinary recognition of all that Lamy had offered to his wide-flung parishes, and of their response. Everyone took part in the jubilee—the civil government, the military forces, the public, and a great gathering of clergy, headed by Bishop Salpointe, who bestowed the pallium that had come from Rome, and Bishop Machebeuf, who sang the Pontifical High Mass in the courtyard of St. Michael's College. A grand luncheon was held in the archbishop's garden, where the Eighth Cavalry Band played lively airs among the trees.

At a suitable moment William G. Ritch, the acting Territorial Governor of New Mexico, rose to read a speech which he later sent to the *New York Herald*. Sketching the history of New Mexico, he was happy to see present some lineal descendants of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, who in 1535 was the first European to set foot on New Mexican land. The governor then described conditions as the archbishop had found them and catalogued the improvements which had come about under his touch.

The reforms, the general elevation of the moral tone and the general progress that has been effected since the American occupation [he said], are very largely, and in some cases entirely, due to the judicious ecclesiastical administration and to the wholesome precepts and examples which have shone forth upon this people from the living presence of the Archbishop of Santa Fe . . . whom we all know, and know only to admire and respect.

When evening fell there were speeches in the plaza in Spanish and English, and more band music by the cavalry musicians, and bonfires, fireworks, and a balloon ascension, and illuminated transparencies of Pius IX, the archbishop and the two visiting bishops. Late at night all ended with a torchlight procession. A day later, when the archbishop's garden was cleared of the clutter of celebration, it was once again a retreat where every tree and raked bed and flowing watercourse showed something of the

abiding joy of its master in the materials of natural life as they were brought to growth and usefulness.

There as he grew older the archbishop spent happy and busy hours. It was one of his two retreats. The other was his little lodge four miles away in the country at Tesuque on the old road to Taos. He called it the Villa Pintoresca. It contained a chapel—a square little room hardly wider than its altar—where he could say his daily Mass, and a bedroom where he could rest, and a parlour where he could receive visitors who came out from town. He always told them to walk—he usually walked out to the lodge—the whole four miles in the pink-earthed, golden-lighted canyon, the better to be closer to the beauties of nature. But fond as he was of wild life and land, he seemed fonder still of bringing design and order out of nature's bounty. As with families and souls, so with plants and trees.

His garden in town was walled with adobes by his French architects. Extending for about five acres around his plain small town house with its private chapel south of the cathedral, the garden was laid out with a playing fountain, a sundial on a pedestal of Santa Fe marble, and aisles of trees, plants and arbours. Formal walks led from one end of the garden to the other, with little by-paths turning aside among the flowerbeds and leading to cunningly placed benches in the shade from which he could see, on the high ground to the north and east, the old earthen battlements of Fort Marcy, and "the only brick and modern residence in the city, and a windmill, probably the only one in the territory." To the west through the branches of his trees he could make out the long blue sweep of the Jemez Mountains. At the south end of the garden on its highest ground was a pond covering half an acre, fed by a spring. In the pond were two small islands on one of which stood a miniature chalet with a thatched roof. Little bridges led to the islands. Flowers edged the shores, and water lilies floated on the still surface, and trout lived in the pond and came to take crumbs which the archbishop threw to them. Now and then he would send a mess of trout over to St. Michael's College to be cooked for the boys.

Water flowed from the pond in a system of acequias to irrigate flower beds, vegetable patches, orchards and shade trees. There was always colour in the garden throughout the warm season, for he chose varieties of plants that would in turn keep new

blooms coming. He loved to bring in wild flowers from the country, and try to tame them in his cultivated beds. He worked to improve the size and flavour of his fruits and vegetables. Much of his original stock came to him from the Auvergne. From cuttings of California vines he grew malaga grapes whose bunches often measured fifteen inches long. His cabbages and beets were huge, and he once showed three turnips that together weighed twenty-five pounds. His strawberries were so impressive that he was able to sell them for a dollar a box, giving the proceeds to charity. When he came to live in New Mexico there were almost no fruit trees, for the fruit culture of the Spanish and Mexican colonists had vanished. He brought in new orchard stocks and encouraged others to do the same. For each tree he paid ten or fifteen dollars; and for freight—the trees came by stage—ten dollars a pound. He planted apple trees, and peach, and pear (which he espaliered) and cherry and apricot. One of his pear-trees yielded one hundred and fifteen pears in a season, and his prize cherry-tree, which he called the *Belle of Santa Fe*, bore two crops each year of black oxheart cherries. For a visitor he could pick a peach of five and a half ounces, a pear of eleven, or an apple of sixteen. Among the shade trees of his garden he cultivated elm, maple, cottonwood, locust, and both weeping and osier willow.

Within his garden walls he delighted to receive visitors, walking the raked aisles with them, or sitting by the pond to throw crumbs to the trout. It was plain that he loved the work of gardens; but it was also plain that he did not follow it for his pleasure alone. Sweeping the long shady vista and its bright colours of fruit and flower with a gesture, he would say that the purpose of it all was to set an example for others, to show what could be done to bring the graces and comforts of the earth to a land largely barren, rocky and dry. To help his fellow-citizens follow his example he made them many gifts. On one of his westward journeys over the plains he brought horse chestnut seeds in a pail of water all the way from Ohio, and a hundred sapling elms besides. He gave these about to be planted in Santa Fe, and he once planted with his own hands a pair of willow saplings at her front gate for his old friend Mrs. Flora Spiegelberg, and blessed the young trees when he was done with his spading. In another year he saw English walnut-trees planted in the city from his seeds. In another,

a thousand fruit trees were set out in Santa Fe where there had been none. When he gave a caller one of his prize peaches, it was always with the earnest request that the pit be kept—and planted. In all his works—whether for eternal life or a summer's harvest—he sowed that others might reap.

From the first the archbishop had been interested in the approach of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad into New Mexico. After travelling thousands and thousands of miles on the back of a horse throughout a quarter of a century of pastoral visits—he called it "purgatorial work"—he knew better than most men what the railroad would do for the development of archdiocese and territory. But as the tracks crept forward from the east a mile or two a day in 1879 reaching toward the Rio Grande, it became known that they would by-pass Santa Fe. There was talk of engineering and budgetary difficulties in taking the rails westward by way of the old mountain-rimmed city. The leaders of Santa Fe were concerned, foremost among them the archbishop. *Latsin pas!* If the railroad would not route its main line through the capital, then a seventeen-mile branch line must be built to connect the two; and if the railroad would not budget funds to build such a branch line, then let the citizens of Santa Fe raise the money to pay for the job. He headed a petition calling for a bond issue election to authorise the expenditure of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the branch line. The election was held, the issue was carried by a three to one vote, and on 9 February 1880, Territorial Governor Lew Wallace drove the last spike in the new spur. The junction point on the main line was named Lamy.

The city at large knew him as a friend. When he passed through the plaza he stopped to speak to all who greeted him. If citizens were locked in stubborn dispute, he was sometimes called upon to compose their quarrels. A fellow-citizen once said of him in a speech that he was the greatest peace-maker he knew. He had a fine sense of the past, and of occasion. In 1875 he wrote a short history of the Pueblo Indians. On 4 July, 1876, he ordered solemn Masses of thanksgiving for the first hundred years of the independence of the United States, and on another occasion he publicly cited among the blessings that accompanied his life the "free republican institutions" of his adopted country. Once when there

was a movement by progressive citizens to tear down the old Palace of the Governors on the plaza in order to build on its site a new territorial capital, he opposed the destruction of that repository of so much history, and others joined with him to save it.

And the cathedral! Now people saw him work through every kind of bother to bring it to completion: difficulties with architects and builders, lack of funds, and a bad omen to start off with, for the cornerstone had been stolen almost as soon as it was laid and had never been seen again. Still, work went forward, and in 1877 the archbishop went to France to solicit gifts, and a New Mexican was proud to say that "the people of France gave liberally toward the cathedral." But in the early 'eighties the need for money was critical again, and the archbishop set an example by raffling off his carriage to raise funds. In 1884 the bells were installed, and he blessed them. The towers were not finished, the transepts were not built, or the dome that was supposed to rise above the crossed aisles before the sanctuary. But he was determined to take the work only so far as he could without incurring debts that would lie heavy on the future of the archdiocese. He had the habit of the long view—and even expressed this faculty in a physical sense, for he owned and used a telescope. He was never without books to read in his red velvet armchair. One volume that came to him as a tribute was an autographed first edition copy of *Ben Hur, A Tale of the Christ*, sent in 1881 by the author, who had written much of the story in the Palace at Santa Fe during his term as territorial governor of New Mexico.

As there was a time to take up work, so was there a time to lay it down. On 19 February, 1885, Bishop Salpointe came to Santa Fe from Arizona as coadjutor to the archbishop with right of succession. On 18 July the bishop coadjutor took over the affairs of the archdiocese. The act could mean only one thing. It was explained in a letter which Archbishop Lamy sat down to write at Santa Fe on 26 August. On Sunday, 1 September 1885, in every parish the priest unfolded the pastoral letter and read aloud the expected but still affecting news. The first, the great, Archbishop of Santa Fe had retired.

But if now he was free to take his ease at the Villa Pintoresca

with his books, and his telescope, and his far view of the Rio Grande valley beyond the pale orange hills of Tesuque, it was not long until he was off again on his Father's business. In May 1886 he blessed the nearly completed cathedral and then set out for Mexico to raise more funds for its last additions. He was seventy-two. The journey took him across ten thousand miles, and, once beyond El Paso, he travelled almost entirely by mule or horse. On a certain day he rode over thirty miles in high mountains on difficult trails, wearing a shawl against the chill of the thin air. On that day he confirmed over a thousand people, and during the whole journey thirty-five thousand.

In June of 1887 it was a satisfaction to see the vicariate apostolic of Colorado raised to the rank of diocese, with its episcopal throne at Denver, and Joseph Machebeuf as its first bishop. Railroads were now spread about Colorado, and Bishop Machebeuf found some of his endless travels more convenient—some, but not all. For he still went into the remotest valleys of his mountain parishes, and now had the custom of sending his buggy ahead of him to the end of the railroad line. There he would move from railroad coach to buggy—with a rolling limp, the result of a riding accident years ago—and drive off on miners' roads to dark little towns lost in the mountain folds of the Rockies.

During the decades after the Mexican War, civilisation came to the old Latin kingdom of the south-west. It was the product principally of two agents—one, the Government of the United States in all its formal expressions of law and administration; the other, Archbishop Lamy and the energetic example of his dutiful faith. Neither could have succeeded so well without the other. Both kept pace with increase in population and consequent social need. Together, each met and survived various threats of violence—the furies of the last Indian wars, the Civil War with its Confederate invasion of New Mexico happily defeated in a single campaign, the murderous extravagances of outlaws who succeeded too long in holding cheaply human life and safety. Together the separate but harmonious governments of Church and State worked to bring the vast south-western frontier into the frame of peace and order. So long as he was able, the archbishop pursued his share of this task with a sort of grave passion, extending the graces of education, charity and civil progress for all citizens, and

the blessings of religion for those of his faith, across his domain of responsibility, which at its greatest had measured about one-tenth of the total area of the United States.

On 4 October, 1887, Juan Baptiste Lamy appeared in Santa Fe to keep the feast of St. Francis of Assisi. There was a procession that evening. Little stacks of piñon wood burned along the streets, throwing firelight like banners across adobe buildings. The marchers carried lighted candles through the sharp autumn air. In the procession walked the retired archbishop, and it was a wonder to see him again—so thin and white, so frail and faithful—passing through his streets to the cathedral for vespers at the end of the feast. He was back again on 12 December to dedicate the chapel of Loretto Convent, now at last completed. The cathedral was not finished—but it was in continuous use, and the choir of St. Michael's College sang the midnight Mass there at Christmas.

A week or so later, in January 1888, a message came from the Villa Pintoresca. The old archbishop had been taken ill in the country and asked to be brought into town, where his cold—he said he had a heavy cold—might be treated properly. A carriage was sent at once. He was brought to his old high, square room in Archbishop's House where the white plaster walls were finished at the ceiling with plaster cherubim. It was plain that he suffered from pneumonia. At first he seemed to recover, but relapses followed and early in the morning of 13 February all the bells of Santa Fe began to toll, and soon everyone in the old mountain capital knew for whom. He died mildly after having received the last sacraments from his successor, Archbishop Salpointe. He was seventy-four years old. He had been a priest for fifty years, a bishop for thirty-eight.

Robed in pontifical vestments his body was laid first in the Loretto Chapel. From there it was taken in procession around the plazà to the Cathedral which it was never to leave again. For twenty-four hours it lay in mitred state before the high altar where six thousand people came to pass by it in candlelight. One who kept vigil was Joseph Machebeuf. On 16 February was sung the pontifical requiem Mass. It was the last occasion to draw the two prelates together, one in life, the other in death. When it was time for a sermon, Joseph Machebeuf limped forward to give it. As fast as memories ran through his mind, tears ran down his deeply marked face, and he found it difficult to speak. He

remembered what they had passed through together, the two seminarians, the two missionaries, the two vicars, and what together they had transformed in the immense land they had loved for its very hardness, where they had spent themselves for the lives, mortal and immortal, of others. Of the two friends, the younger was now gone. Over his corpse the older said that his own turn would come next, and soon. Presently, the tremendous liturgy of the dead was resumed which by its impersonality brought a sense of triumph over death; and the body of the archbishop was laid into a crypt before the high altar of the church which the generations have made into the monument over his grave.

In the next summertime the archbishop's garden yielded fifteen hundred quarts of strawberries, forty gallons of cherries, one thousand of currants, and two hundred of raspberries; while five thousand shrubs, vines, and young trees that were ready for transplanting from the garden were auctioned for charity in the plaza of Santa Fe.

A year later Bishop Machebeuf died in Denver.

THE ENEMY OF BELIEF¹

By

FREDERICK C. COPLESTON

FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT let us suppose that we are contemporary British philosophers who think that within recent years a revolution in philosophy has taken place and that traditional metaphysics is dead. Let us also suppose that we are religious believers, and that we are convinced that the burial of traditional metaphysics has involved the burying alive of important issues which are by no means dead. We wish to discuss these issues, and we wish, when challenged to do so, to be able to give some justification of our religious belief, without having to rely on metaphysical arguments which we think

¹ *Metaphysical Beliefs*, by Stephen Toulmin, Ronald W. Hepburn, Alasdair MacIntyre (S.C.M. Press 25s).

Mystery and Philosophy, by Michael B. Foster (S.C.M. Press 12s 6d).

fallacious or on an apologetics which fails to impress us. What line are we going to take? In his Eddington Memorial Lecture, *An Empiricist's View of Religious Belief*, Professor Braithwaite treated Christian doctrines as myths or stories which are not statements of fact but a kind of imaginative background which helps Christians to lead the type of moral life which they admire and to which they commit themselves.¹ But we cannot follow him here. For it is evident to us that when the believer makes assertions about God, he intends to make factual assertions, statements about a real Being. Our justification of religious belief must therefore take some other form than that proposed by Professor Braithwaite.

Now, we need not worry about the Logical Positivist view that religious and theological assertions are nonsensical or pseudo-propositions in so far as they cannot be assimilated to the hypotheses of the empirical sciences. For our colleagues, if they belong to the best circles, would not dream of saying that a religious assertion is meaningless simply on the score that it is unlike a scientific hypothesis. At the same time to say that a religious assertion is not meaningless simply on this score is not to say that there are no problems concerning its function and meaning. And if we ourselves have been influenced by contemporary British philosophy, we are likely to feel that there is indeed something rather peculiar about a number of religious and theological statements. We may therefore be inclined to think that an analogy with poetry will be helpful. Can we not say, for example, that the Biblical narrative of the creation of the universe is analogous to a work of poetry? Religious language, like poetical language, deals in images.

Mr. Hepburn's essay on "Poetry and Religious Belief" in the symposium, *Metaphysical Beliefs*, is devoted to this theme, namely the analogy between the language of religion and the language of poetry. He does not profess to settle the matter, but rather to draw attention to points which require further study by the theologian. However, in the course of his careful discussion he makes some excellent points. He shows, for example, that the degree to which the analogy can help is strictly limited. "The

¹ Professor Braithwaite does not say, of course, that all the statements in the Gospels are mythical. For many are plain historical assertions. He is thinking of doctrines such as those of the Incarnation and Trinity.

most we can show is that the theologian need not despair of the sense of his expressions on the sole score of their violation of ordinary language. For such deviations are the staple of poetic inventiveness." But the theologian is concerned to make true statements in a different sense from that in which the lyric poet or the dramatist can be said to be concerned with truth. And no amount of pressing the analogy between religious and poetic language will serve to show that theological statements are true in the sense in which they are intended to be true. Again, though it may be correct to say that revelation takes place by means of images, a study of images and types as vehicles of revelation will not suffice to show that a revelation has in fact been made. "Perhaps the theology of images is not self-sufficing and requires historical or other support from *outside* the circle of images."

In other words, the analogy between religious and poetic language may be relevant to the problem of meaning, but it cannot answer the question of truth-value. Can we perhaps find help in answering this question by referring to scientific conclusions and theories? It is notorious that some modern writers have tried, for example, to support the assertion of God's existence by recourse to such theories. They feel no doubt that there they are on safer ground than if they were to flirt with the discredited metaphysics of the past.

This attempt receives very unfavourable treatment, at least by implication, in Professor Toulmin's essay on "Contemporary Scientific Mythology," which is the first of the three contributions to *Metaphysical Beliefs*. Professor Toulmin's main point is that it is a mistake to look to scientific hypotheses and conclusions to provide us with solutions to problems in, say, metaphysics and ethics or with an overall world-view. For we can make them provide such solutions only if we first inflate the scientist's conceptions into myths. Of course, this process of inflation is sometimes due to the scientists themselves. Thus Professor Julian Huxley looks to the hypothesis of evolution for a solution of our ethical problems. But there is no logical connection between the biological theory of evolution and man's moral values and ideals. A connection can be plausibly established only if the scientific concept of evolution is first inflated into a world-myth; if "evolution" is blown up into "Evolution." And once this has been done, we have stepped outside the field of science where

the concept of evolution has its home. Similarly, some people have used the second law of thermodynamics in support of a pessimistic world-view. The world is like a clock which is slowly but surely running down. Life will one day become impossible. Therefore human history and human ideals and hopes have no ultimate significance or value. But even if we assume (prescinding from Mr. Hoyle's hypothesis of continuous creation) that the second law of thermodynamics is a universal law, in the sense that it is true that in any thermally isolated system entropy tends to increase, we are guilty of a confusion if we go on to assume that this universal law is a "law of the universe." And, Professor Toulmin argues, it is doubtful whether there is any sense in talking about "laws of the universe." Moreover, even if we do blow up the second law of thermodynamics into a cosmic myth and assert that the universe is running down, it does not follow that human ideals and strivings are without significance or value.

As we have seen, when Professor Toulmin is speaking of the second law of thermodynamics he confines himself to criticism of those who use it in support of a pessimistic world-outlook. But he must be perfectly well aware that some writers have tried to base a proof of God's existence on this law. If the universe had always existed, they say, we should have already reached the point at which human life becomes impossible. But we have not reached it. Therefore the universe has not always existed; time had a beginning. Therefore the universe must have been created. But it is obvious that Professor Toulmin would apply to this argument the same sort of criticism which he applies to other arguments. And this is why I said that attempts to support theological assertions by recourse to scientific theories and conclusions receive very unfavourable treatment, "at least by implication" at the hands of Professor Toulmin.

If, then, we can justify religious belief neither by traditional metaphysics nor by recourse to scientific theories nor by pressing the analogy between religious and poetic language, how are we going to justify it? This problem is taken up by Mr. MacIntyre in the third essay in *Metaphysical Beliefs*, entitled "The Logical Status of Religious Belief."

To whittle down Mr. MacIntyre's discussion to a conclusion is, I fear, unfair to him. However, his conclusion is more or less this. There is no religion in general; there are only religions,

definite religions such as Christianity and Islam. And each religion has its own rule or rules for determining what is and what is not included in it. In other words, "religion is justified only by referring to a religious acceptance of authority." There can, of course, be religious experiences outside official religions. But religious belief in the full sense is bound up with the acceptance of authority. "The only apologia for a religion is to describe its content in detail: and then either a man will find himself brought to say 'My Lord and my God' or he will not." A man accepts a religion through a process of conversion whereby he accepts a belief and a way of life on authority. Metaphysics can afford no justification of religious belief. On the contrary, metaphysics is an enemy of belief. For "metaphysics might almost be described as a sustained attempt to replace conversion by argument. And to do this would be, as we have seen, entirely destructive of religion." Positivism has really helped religion by showing that religion must not accept dependence on any philosophy. "Belief cannot argue with unbelief: it can only preach to it. . . . It can only recount the content of its faith and offer the acceptance of its authority."

Mr. MacIntyre is concerned to put metaphysics in its place. In his book *Mystery and Philosophy*, which represents the Gunning Victoria Jubilee Lectures delivered in Edinburgh University in 1955, Mr. Foster is concerned to put contemporary British philosophy in its place. He calls it the philosophy of clarity, and he questions, not the practice of analysis, but the assumption that there is nothing really puzzling and that we cannot be said to understand a truth which remains mysterious. He also wishes to question the assumption that all thinking consists in solving problems. For he is convinced that there is "another kind of thinking which depends on the revealing of a mystery." The elimination of mystery is a characteristic of modern science and modern philosophy. But for the Christian theologian there are, besides the problems which the scientist solves and the puzzles which the philosopher unravels, mysteries revealed by God, which remain mysterious even when understood, because, though understood, they exceed our comprehension. Mr. Foster does not maintain that all philosophy has meant the elimination of mystery. For he stresses that aspect of Greek philosophy under which it can be considered an unveiling of the divine to human contemplation.

tion. But the contemporary philosophical movement in England tends towards the elimination of mystery. Hence it misses a dimension of human thought. For there is not only that which man can discover for himself but also that which is revealed and which, even when revealed, remains mysterious.

At the same time, though I think that it is correct to say that he does not stand within the modern philosophical movement in the sense in which Mr. MacIntyre does, Mr. Foster sees a certain convergence between modern philosophy and theology. For example, contemporary British philosophers are not exactly favourable towards the idea that man can establish by reason certain absolute moral rules which are universally valid and true. Mr. Foster is doubtless well aware that they also insist on ethics' independence of metaphysics and theology. None the less he thinks that the break-down of the notion of an absolute natural morality which man can discover for himself and the demands of which he can fulfil by his own efforts fits in well with what he evidently regards as the teaching of theology, namely that there is only revealed morality. (To understand Mr. Foster's point of view, we must remember that he makes morality relative to holiness, which can be attained, as the Catholic would say, only by divine grace or, as Mr. Foster prefers to say, in a curiously Protestant fashion, by divine appointment.) Again, the modern philosopher finds something peculiar and paradoxical in theological statements. And this fits in to a certain extent with the theological view that revealed mysteries are not truths of exactly the same kind as the scientific truths which man can discover for himself. Faith "is not just another pipeline for the supply of a supplementary set of truths which in other respects are like the truths of science. It is directed upon mystery. . . ."

Mr. Foster does not therefore set out to justify religious belief in the sense of giving extrinsic reasons, as it were, for accepting revelation. He is concerned rather with exhibiting what religious belief is and involves. And in this sense his approach is not so unlike that of Mr. MacIntyre. It is his conviction that contemporary philosophy may drive us back to a "Biblical mode of thinking." And in spite of what he says about Greek thought, he would presumably agree with Mr. MacIntyre's observations about the metaphysician's attempt to supplant conversion by argument. Mr. Foster only mentions Barth once. But it is significant, I think,

that at the beginning of his essay Mr. MacIntyre, after speaking of the revolution in philosophical method associated with the name of Wittgenstein, draws attention to an analogous revolution in theology "in which the name of Barth has been prominent."

The strength of the sort of approach to religious belief which I have described lies, I think, in its anchorage in empirical data. Christian believers, for instance, certainly do accept their beliefs and their way of life on authority of some sort or another. As long as they are believers they commit themselves to God in faith; and they commit themselves even for those moments when their religion may appear to them to be void of rational foundation and the doctrines they hold empty of "meaning." Fidelity of this sort is part and parcel of living faith. Further, it is an empirical fact that philosophy, having set itself free from the shackles of theology, tended at length to subordinate theology to itself and to substitute the speculative reason for faith. The supreme example of this tendency is the system of Hegel, which called forth the protest of Kierkegaard. And from the latter stems Karl Barth. When one considers the history of philosophy, there is no difficulty in understanding the view that metaphysics is the enemy of religious belief.

This is not, however, a view which I can accept, except in a limited historical sense. But instead of trying, futilely, to argue the matter in my concluding paragraph, I prefer to draw attention to some remarks which Mr. Hepburn makes in his essay. He refers to the view, which I share, that the "cosmological argument" for God's existence is the linguistic expression of a pre-linguistic apprehension of "contingency." He points out, and quite rightly, that the statement that this is the case leaves unsolved important problems about the real character of the pre-linguistic apprehension or experience, about the transition from the pre-linguistic to the linguistic level and about the logical character of the expressed argument. But the single point which I wish to make is this. If the function of the proofs of God's existence is to raise to the reflective level an apprehension of the dependence of the complex of subject and object and to clarify in the idea of God a purely undefined and unseen background, as it were, they are by no means irrelevant, and still less inimical, to religious belief. For they express the movement of the human spirit towards Him in whom we live and move and have our being.

FRANCIS THOMPSON'S PROSE

By

DEREK STANFORD

WHEN FRANCIS THOMPSON died in November 1907 he left behind him a body of prose,¹ which, unlike his verse, is little known today. Most of it was written in essay form, on themes of literature and thought (though there are a few casual pieces which deal freely and at large with random subjects, somewhat in the fashion of Hazlitt or Lamb). Because his opinions are sensitive, and his expression of them a thing of careful pleasure, Thompson as prose-writer could well be rediscovered. His felicities offer the contemporary critic a sweet corrective to much that is harsh.

Suppose we say that literary criticism manifests two main antithetic types: one, whose method approximates to the procedure of abstract thought; and one, whose approach more closely resembles that of creative imaginative writing. Granting these two strains, our greatest critics will fit tolerably enough within these divisions. Coleridge and Arnold, for example, clearly belong to the abstract school, while Hazlitt, Lamb, and Pater find a place in what Spingarn called "creative criticism." It is true that when we think of a critic like Bagehot (whose manner, as displayed in his prose, partakes of both the abstract and creative), our simple distinction appears inadequate. On the whole, however, it has some working value; and when Sir George Wyndham called Thompson's Shelley essay² "the most important contribution to pure Letters written in English during the last twenty years," he was accounting Thompson, with Hazlitt and Lamb, as one of the masters of imaginative criticism.

Now the kind of criticism which a man writes will probably

¹ The bulk of which appears in volume three of *The Works of Francis Thompson*, first published in 1913.

² Published posthumously in 1908.

be affected by other writing which he has done in prose. If he writes solely criticism, his contribution to this field will most likely be scholastic or evaluative. If, as is the case with Thompson, he is also a casual essayist or belletrist writer (as it is sometimes termed) then it is most likely that he will bring over to criticism some of the features established in his less systematic writing: wit perhaps or humour, or character-drawing, a freer association of ideas, or the use of a discursive imagination. Thompson's "unfenced" prose-writing certainly affected his critical style; it also affected his critical thought. By which I mean that he sought to make his judgments of literature literature itself. Poetry was once defined by Charles Williams as the regeneration of words, and his statement holds good for creative writing in general. The critic of abstract tendency wishes to use language as signs. It is the cognitive import of words, and this alone, which concerns him in his own practice of critical writing. In contrast to this, the creative critic desires to retain in his prose some of the connotative effects employed by imaginative literature. His concern is partly with language as symbols.

Thompson's concern was of this latter order; and his own imaginative powers, and what they could accomplish in prose, were as a touchstone to him when he delivered himself in criticism. Here are two passages from his essay on dolls entitled *The Fourth Order of Humanity*:

In the beginning of things came man, sequent to him woman; on woman followed the child, and on the child the doll. It is a climax of development; and the crown of these is the doll.

Consider the life of dolls. At the whim of some *debonair* maternal tyranny, they veer on every wind of mutability; are the sport of imputed moods, suffer qualities over which they have no election—are sorry or glad, indocile or amiable, at their mistress' whim and mandate; they are visited with stripes, or the soft aspersion of kisses; with love delectably persecuted, or consigned to the clement quiet of neglect; exalted to the dimple of their mistress' cheek, or dejected to the servile floor; rent and mutilated, or rocked and murmured over; blamed or petted, be-rated or loved. Nor why it is thus or thus with them, are they anywise witting; wherefore these things should be, they know not at all.

The first shows Thompson marshalling his statements; his gift of structure and of sequence: the second, his control of a more

complex pattern, his choice vocabulary and artifact charm. Thompson's prose has a range of effect; but the basis of his utterance derives, through Thomas de Quincey, from the seventeenth century. Whether it is the influence of Francis Bacon's "succession of short barks," or Taylor's or Milton's larger unfoldings, or—to go back further—Sidney's "long sentences, holding in suspension many clauses, which are shepherded to a full and sonorous close," it is here in this rich variegated tract that his notions of prose were formed and nourished.

Two extracts from his essay on Shelley prove how he could allow his prose full-throttle even when engaged in a critical subject. The former speaks of the younger Shelley, the buoyant ethereal poet of *The Cloud*; the latter of the older and tragic Shelley, the elevated spirit of *Prometheus Unbound*:

The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven: its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient Nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song.

It is unquestionably the greatest and most prodigal exhibition of Shelley's powers, this amazing lyric world, where immortal clarities sigh past in the perfumes of the blossoms, populate the breathing of the breeze, throng and twinkle in the leaves that twirl upon the bough . . . and a weeping mist of music fills the air. The final scenes especially are such a Bacchic reel and rout and revelry of beauty as leaves one staggered and giddy; poetry is spilt like wine, music runs to drunken waste. The choruses sweep down the wind, tirelessly, flight after flight, till the breathless soul almost cries for respite from the unrolling splendours.

That neither of these passages are to the taste of today need not tremendously disturb us. Our critical perspective has, of course, changed, and with it our idea of a critical style; but within the prose of criticism we possess few modern passages, if any, which stay in the mind so well as these. Nor was Thompson's achievement as a critic limited to the occasionally purple. We should

still have Pater without the *Mona Lisa*, and Thompson is valid outside the Shelley essay.

But it is not Thompson's "fine writing" which makes him the satisfactory critic that he is. However creative in its expression, criticism requires, above all, powers of analysis and differentiation. These may be pressed severely into service, as the abstract critic employs them, or ridden with an easier rein, as in the case of the imaginative critic. Without them, used in some fashion or other, criticism does not exist.

Perhaps it is possible to think of critics pursuing their task under the aegis of two ideals; the abstract critic approaching a work bearing the word "Justice" on his shield, while the creative critic rides to joust flying a pennant inscribed "Sympathy." In the days when phrenology was fashionable, people talked of the "sympathetic bump," but if we conceive of minds as hard or soft, as resistant or yielding registers, then maybe a more suggestive metaphor would be to speak of the sympathetic dint. This malleability and readiness to receive impression was Thompson's quality as a critic. His critical prose makes one think of gold: a heavy, precious, workable metal. It has the same solid density, the same full glow, the same plasticity.

Thompson the critic lent himself generously to the contours of others. He identified himself with what he evaluated, and his first responses were those of the affections. "To every true critic," he wrote, "the masters of literature should be friends. If he love literature, he should love the makers of literature." Such was the temperamental bias which went to the making of what Thompson called "sympathetic criticism" and what others have termed the appreciative method. Thompson developed his idea of this in an essay on Robert Browning.¹ In it, he takes issue with a critic of the time who "would have an author tried by principle derived from the practice of the great past writers," and replies that "It is precisely the application to new aims, involving new methods, of principles drawn from former methods adjusted to former aims, which has caused some of the most disgraceful injustice in the history of criticism. It was the application to the Elizabethan dramatists of principles based on the practice of the classical dramatists which has made much eighteenth-century

¹ Included in the volume *Francis Thompson (Essays of To-day and Yesterday series)*.

criticism a by-word to posterity." There remains, then, for contemporary work "the method of delicate sympathy." This method Thompson does not defend in theory but contents himself with calling "the least unsound of practical ways." "It is," he admits, "susceptible of error, but it minimises injustice."

Certainly, in Thompson's instance, it results in a full yield of memorable phrases, sentences, and paragraphs about his subjects. He draws to a head the special essence of those on whom he writes and finely presents it. Thus, of Macaulay, he remarks that "he was made for great success rather than great achievement" and that his genius lay "in making strikingly obvious the obviously striking." Francis Bacon he describes as "a sage in the art of 'getting on,'" "a respectable British Machiavel." Dante's *Divine Comedy* he terms "most narrow, most universal." In Milton's *Paradise Lost* he notes an "imagery . . . not simply spacious but undefined," and "a tyrannous extension of the spatial sense which presides over" the whole poem. Ben Jonson's prose he refers to as "clean, hardy, well-knit, excellently idiomatic; pithy and well-poised as an English cudgel."

Thompson's fine-grained sensibility had its instinctive hierarchy of preference. Milton, Macaulay, and Pope were alien beings to him; yet the triumph is, that when he writes of them, even to suggest the limitations of their art, his words stimulate us to take up these authors. His very rebukes whet the palate of taste. He qualifies, but never destroys. When, therefore, he describes *The Rape of the Lock* as a "boudoir epic . . . A Midsummer Night's Dream seen through chocolate-fumes," all Pope's rococo irony springs to mind. Nor is the summary of Milton any more unfair in its inventory of his attractions and detractions.

A poet [Thompson concludes], for sheer accomplishment not equalled in our language; in youth capable of luxuriant beauty, in age of "severe magnificence," yet in youth or age without humanness or heart-blood in his greatness; of overwhelming sublimity, yet not ethereal; of concrete solidity, yet not earthly; a poet to whom all must bow the knee, few or none the heart; "the second name of men" in English song, who had gone near to being the first, if his grandeurs, his majesties, his splendours, his august solemnities, had been humid with a tear or a smile. The most inspired artificer in poetry, he lacked, perhaps (or was it a perfecting fault?) a little poetic poverty of soul, a little detachment from his artistic riches.

In his essay on Macaulay, Thompson remarks that "Our day has seen the rise and strengthening of a very subtle school of style, marked by delicate verbal instinct, and extreme attention to the melody of syllables and sentences." In this school Thompson enters the names of Stevenson and Alice Meynell, and by some has been included within it himself. But Alice Meynell would not have wished her prose to be classed with Thompson's, for in my own copy of Volume Three (the Prose volume) of his *Works*, there is a note in her hand-writing, on the fly-leaves, which bears upon his style. She has just quoted from Thomas Huxley's essays the passage which describes the Ancient Classics as a "serene resting-place for worn human nature." Then follows her comment upon it:

The texture of this phrase is something exquisite, it reminds us of that marble wall of the Acropolis—the one to the left hand as one goes up to the Propolis which Flaubert contemplated with such pleasure and of which he wrote "Eh bien, je me demande si un livre indépendamment de ce qu'il dit, ne peut pas produire le même effet? Dans la précision des assemblages, la rareté des éléments, le poli de la surface, l'harmonie de l'ensemble, n'y a t'il pas une vertu intrinsèque, une espèce de force divine, quelque chose d'éternel comme un principe?"

(I have delight over this simile of Flaubert of an unadorned phrase to that marble wall, and the simile is not appropriate to the style of F. Thompson.)

Alice Meynell's distinction is a just one. Both as a prose-writer and as a critic, she sought for a greater simplicity of effect, a sparser economy than Thompson practised. This is not to rank him the lesser of the two. (Indeed, I believe that of all the Catholic critics who graced our language in the nineteenth century—Newman, Patmore, Hopkins, Alice Meynell, Lionel Johnson—only Johnson is his superior in gift of phrase, in *caritas*, in power to delight). It is merely to set their methods apart.

Thompson's heavier jewel-hung style, with its wealth of accumulated phrases, might lead us to group him with Wilde and Arthur Symons—the semi-Corinthian progeny of Pater. In expression, there is much in common between them (save that Thompson does not labour the paradox as Wilde was wont to do); but Thompson explicitly repudiated the doctrine of Art-for-Art's Sake which they held. In his essays (particularly *Nature's*

Immortality and *The Way of Imperfection*) Thompson inveighed against the aestheticism of his day. He spoke of those who contrive and reside in the "selfish shallows of art" and sounded a general warning against "this seductive principle of perfection." He saw, quite rightly; the danger of inbreeding and isolation in artistic creation. "We feel," he wrote, "that English art (in its widest sense) must soon dwindle to the extinction of unendurable perfection." The threatened perfection may be questioned, but the note of withdrawal, of abstract escape, which characterises so much contemporary art, depriving it of plentiful and fertile subject-matter, is something we can easily detect. "The tyranny . . . of the triolet" (the sonnet, the ballade, the rondeau, the villanelle—all of them fashionable forms in the nineties) seemed to Thompson symptomatic of the love of "miniature finish" and a neglect of larger ends. Aestheticism, he quite simply hit-off as "the aspiration for a hot-house seclusion of beauty in a world which Nature has tempered by bracing gusts of ugliness." His own theory of art was, in the broadest sense Christian, and is set forth in the two last-mentioned essays and in three other papers by him: *Form and Formalism*, *Sanctity and Song*, and *Paganism Old and New*.

As a prose-writer, Thompson has his lapses. His curious fantasy *Finis Coronat Opus* is bad de Quincey and bad Mary Shelley (one wonders whether he had read her *Tales and Stories* edited by Garnett in 1891). A lover of Sir Philip Sidney's prose, he is sometimes mannered, sometimes euphuistic. Archaisms and affectations ("Dew but your eyes with the euphrasy of fancy") intrude too singularly on occasions. Then, too, he can over-paint his canvas (*Moestitiae Encomium*, a sketch containing many fine points and certain melancholy half-confessions, fails in its lurid straining for effect).

Pater, in his essay on *Style*, advises us not to consider prose as narrowly limited to practical ends. We should not demand of it only "a kind of 'good round-hand'" of expression. Valuable as this faculty is, we should look to prose as well for the poetry within it, its own "achieved powers" of imagination. Such a Janus-view of prose possibilities is not generally accepted today; despite which a novel like Durrell's *Justine* or Thomas's word-cycle *Under Milk Wood* obtains the attention of intelligent minds.

Thompson's prose renews our sense of words even as it comments upon the speech of others. Our language, at present, is being augmented by abstract and technical terminology. How much this increase benefits or mutilates our tongue cannot easily be reckoned. To retain, however, a feeling of distinction without our inherited stock of diction is clearly as important a business as to acquire other, fresher words. To read Thompson's prose is to exercise our shrunken, conservative verbal sense. Nor is such therapy wearisome; for, as St. Thomas More observed, "Good wit, good writ, make goodly mirth."

REVIEWS

CHRISTIAN FATHERS

Embassy for the Christians, and *The Resurrection of the Dead*, by Athenagoras, translated and annotated by Joseph Hugh Crehan, S.J. *The Treatise Against Hermogenes*, by Tertullian, translated and annotated by J. H. Waszink. *The Lapsed* and *The Unity of the Catholic Church*, by St. Cyprian, translated and annotated by Maurice Bévenot, S.J.: being Volumes XXIII, XXIV and XXV in *Ancient Christian Writers* (Longmans, Green and Co. each 21s or, on standing order, 18s).

Tertullian's Treatise on the Incarnation: Revised Text edited with an Introduction, Translation and Commentary by Ernest Evans (S.P.C.K. 32s 6d).

The Early Christian Fathers: A Selection, edited and translated by Henry Bettenson (Oxford University Press 16s).

THE AUTHORS of the latest cluster of volumes in *Ancient Christian Writers* are to be congratulated for maintaining or even raising the high standard set by previous publications in the series. In the second-century Greek Christian philosopher, Athenagoras, Fr. Crehan's wide and humane learning finds a congenial subject. Probably an Athenian by birth, Athenagoras was an early head of the famous Christian School at Alexandria, where he may have been the master of Clement. Though his *Embassy*, or plea for the Christians, addressed to the Roman Emperors, is not without an interest of its own, it is somewhat discursive and loosely knit. It is in the more accomplished and deeply considered *Resurrection of the Dead* that Athenagoras' remarkable gifts

are fully deployed. There is revealed a keen and reflective philosophic mind, allied with imaginative insight. It is interesting to find that Athenagoras draws his chief argument from man's rational nature and character as an end, a secondary place being assigned to the necessity of a future life for the vindication of divine justice through rewards and penalties, though the special relevance of this argument to man's *bodily* survival is acutely argued. A Platonist by training and temper, Athenagoras was yet first and foremost a Christian, sturdily independent of his pagan master, as witness his view of the body-soul relationship; there he comes nearer to the Aristotelean tradition in giving due importance to the body. In his account of the majesty of mind as revealing the stamp of the divine image, Platonic and Hebrew categories blend and enrich each other, and there is a charming reminiscence of the *Republic* in the passage in the *Embassy* where he says that Christians love and reverence the younger generation as sons and daughters, their contemporaries as brothers and sisters, and their elders as fathers and mothers. There is wit as well as wisdom in Fr. Crehan's learned introduction and meticulous annotations.

In St. Cyprian's two treatises, which belong to the middle of the third century, Fr. M. Bévenot translates and comments on two of the most interesting literary productions of Christian antiquity. His translation could hardly be bettered; it is vigorous, idiomatic, rhythmical, eloquent and clear. He has read almost everything that has been written on St. Cyprian, and his introduction and notes are a model of concise lucidity. Here scholar and general reader alike can study with pleasure and profit Cyprian's rather stern views on the fault and obligations of those Christians who had either denied the Faith by sacrificing to idols under stress of Roman torture or, without actually doing so, had escaped torture by procuring an official statement that they had sacrificed. In the thorny and highly controversial questions raised by the *De Unitate* Fr. Bévenot shows himself admirably objective and free from "confessional prejudice." He holds that the "Primacy Text" in the famous fourth chapter was the original text, but that it does not, despite appearances, assert the supremacy of the Roman See. He believes that the alternative text was a later revision made by Cyprian himself at the time of his quarrel with Pope Stephen over the question of the re-baptism of heretics, when (as he supposes) Rome was reading into the original text a Papalist meaning it had never been intended to convey. On this view, Cyprian's abstract theory of the Church, episcopal in emphasis, was less developed than the doctrine implied by his practice, particularly by his great respect for the Roman Church and the obligation he felt of reporting to it all matters of consequence arising in the Church in Carthage. Fr. Bévenot thinks that in Cyprian's *De Unitate*, taken together with his day-to-day practice, we have a classical example

of a dogma in an early stage of development, and that in general the explicit and theoretical recognition of the Papacy arose after, and out of reflection on, an earlier stage in which bishops, without consciously owning Rome's primacy, yet in their thinking assigned a unique place to the Chair of Peter and in their practice found that to be in communion with Rome counted for more than being in communion with all the other bishops together. An episcopal view, it may be remarked, while able, by prescription, to protect the Church against obvious interlopers in episcopal sees or obvious innovations in doctrine, is powerless to provide a remedy when unity and orthodoxy are threatened by dissension between legitimate bishops themselves, as Cyprian (on this interpretation) found when he himself quarrelled, ironically, with Rome. It is no doubt disappointing to be asked to abandon the explicitly Papalist character of the *prima facie* "Roman" passages in the *De Unitate*, especially after their authenticity has been so ably argued; but even one who feels that the last word has not yet been said on this famous crux must salute so skilful and resolute an attempt to solve it, and so clear a presentation of the issues.

The translations of two works of Tertullian, *The Flesh of Christ* by Dr. E. Evans of Oxford and *Against Hermogenes* by Professor Waszink of Leyden, deserve full-length notices which space regrettably forbids. Both editors are Tertullian specialists, and to compare their work directly, as one can in *Hermogenes* 43, discussed by Dr. Evans in his introduction, is to feel oneself present at a duel between giants. That Waszink is right here is suggested by the indication in chap. 37, 4 that the second point at issue between Tertullian and his opponent is the general question whether natures are changeable, not the particular one whether what is evil by nature can be changed into good. But if Dr. Waszink has the broader philosophical sweep, Dr. Evans has the advantage in technical scholarship and in his mastery of an English philosophical style. Dr. Waszink's translation is occasionally marred by an imperfect command of the English language. Tertullian was, in his own rather involved way, a stylist and demands to be translated into a contemporary philosophical idiom such as that of C. D. Broad or A. J. Ayer or H. A. Prichard, whose almost pedantic accuracy, somewhat lacking in sympathy and imagination, the *Against Hermogenes* often recalls. The interest of the famous *The Flesh of Christ* needs no underlining, but the debate between Tertullian and the unorthodox Hermogenes has its own drama too; they could have put on a fine Third Programme discussion, with Hermogenes arguing that matter was eternal because God, being always Lord, must always have been Lord of something, and that if he had created the universe out of nothing He would be responsible for evil.

Finally, for the general reader, unable to peruse or possess the whole

corpus of early Christian literature, Dr. Henry Bettenson offers a well chosen and attractively presented selection from the writings of the Fathers ranging from Clement of Rome at the end of the first century to St. Athanasius in the middle of the fourth. The translations are Dr. Bettenson's own, and he prefaces his work with a useful Introduction.

A. A. STEPHENSON

HYMNS OF THE LITURGY

Hymns of the Roman Liturgy, by the Rev. J. Connelly, M.A. (Longmans 28s).

PROBABLY MOST PRIESTS think of the Breviary in terms of Psalms: the Lessons are not, perhaps, always or equally, welcomed. As for the hymns, we feel there must be more in them, if only (as His Grace the Archbishop of Birmingham says in his Foreword) we had time to study them. Fr. Connelly has made such study as easy as possible by a clever arrangement of the text. On the lefthand page are placed the Latin hymn and its straightforward prose translation parallel to it: on the right hand, the explanatory notes, once more parallel, so that the eye need not dodge about seeking for notes at the bottom of the page or the end of the book. These notes are intended to help us over the literary obstacles that would interfere with our devotion. But they also refer frequently to the drastic revision of the hymns, for the sake of the classic ear, by Urban VIII and his four Jesuits, who, we like to hope, were fellow-travellers at worst. We ourselves do not like the use of any "classical" metres, especially Sapphic, in Christian hymn-writing; still, they have been more or less continuously so used—we need recall only the *Iste Confessor* (written, it seems, in honour of St. Martin, so that the list of rather tame adjectives, *qui pius*, etc., are really to find their origin in St. Paul's advice to St. Timothy, 1 Tim., 3, 2). Fortunatus's superb *Pange lingua* was anticipated by the rhythm of the famous *Cras amet qui numquam amavit*, though that was already transitional. And if a hymn is in the Ambrosian style, we would certainly wish that it had been let alone. But there are many lines in the old hymns which would have been sung only with difficulty, and after all, the hymns were meant to be sung: "*Si laudas Deum et non cantas*," remarked St. Augustine, "*non dicis hymnum*." Our feeling is that some of the emendations were skilful, some banal, some sacrilegious. We wish that Fr. Connelly had had room to print, at least in significant instances, the original. But when the post-Renaissance tried to write hymns, that is where we feel the real disaster began. For they so often pro-

duced only clever imitations of the older style, or aimed at doing what hymns were never meant to do—to synopsise the life of a saint, for example, and to convey information or even good advice to the reciter. Perhaps it was in keeping with the character of Leo XIII that his hymns should have been steeped in Horatianisms, but he is not likely to reproduce himself, though at his time he was a truly miraculous God-send to the Church. But after all, this book is meant to help us towards devotion, not criticism; and the really "bad" hymns recur not often, while those of Prime, the Little Hours and Compline can shine back and forth into our whole day.

C. C. MARTINDALE

... URBIS ET DOMINA

A Traveller in Rome, by H. V. Morton (Methuen 25s).

FROM the dizzying uproar (since relatively silenced) of modern Rome has emerged a gorgeous book. The capital of Christendom has enslaved many men of sensibility before Mr. Morton, but none with his particular gift of blending hawkeyed observation with sound erudition, reverence for beauty, a humorous zest for human contacts, total freedom from all-too-familiar inhibitions and stupidities, and mastery of a vivid and graceful style. After dipping afresh into some of his British predecessors, indeed, one is tempted into superlatives.

Thirty centuries or so to play with in 400 pages is a test for any craftsman. Mr. Morton so deftly mingles past and present that his book is a continuous stream of vibrant, glowing life. Juvenal and Alaric tread the streets as vividly as Miss Babington of the Teashop, St. Gregory the Great, Rienzi, Mr. Mills of the Villa Mills, Cesare Borgia, Cardinal Allen, and scores more of Rome's *dramatis personae*. The Borgo Santo Spirito is thronged with our Saxon saints and kings. On the Spanish Steps you dodge Keats's dinner, hurled petulantly through a window, and stumble over the exhausted soldiery who have just chased the Nazis out. Has any foreigner ever got to real grips with the Trastevere before? Could the impact of an early Mass in the Catacombs be more powerfully conveyed, save by a Newman, in so few words? Through these richly-packed pages passes a bustling pageant of Roman life from Romulus down to the last-engaged typist rushing for her evening bus. On almost anyone imagining that he (she) knows her (his) Rome, Mr. Morton can spring perpetual surprises. Not the least engaging among his personages are obscure oddities like the eighteenth-century Scots pastor, with a self-appointed mission to expunge the Whore of Babylon, who rose up in St. Peter's and cried loudly to Clement XIV: "O thou Beast of Nature with seven

heads and ten horns!" Rescuing him from the Swiss Guard and thanking him for his kind intention, the Beast paid his benefactor's fare home.

Nowhere is Mr. Morton more at home or at ease than in Vatican City, every corner of which he has known for years. As a spectator at the G.H.Q. of the Church Militant he refreshingly lacks the *guindé* approach of the well-intentioned British observer determined to be fair to these people, come what may. His admiration for Pius XII, like his review of the whole vast Vatican scene, radiates the affection of a friend of the family, keenly interested in all its activities. Did you know that St. Peter's 262nd successor may be awakened some mornings by a cock in a nearby *trattoria*? Did you know that Vatican Radio has a special routine-service conveying announcements and instructions to cardinals, nuncios, and Apostolic delegates? Do you know Mgr. Bacci's Latin for "television," "radar," and "safety-razor"? Or how the Swiss Guard got those slashed breeches? If nobody has acquired this last bit of recondite information before, it may be that not everybody is qualified to drink wine with the Pope's jolly sergeant-majors.

Though it is impossible to catch Mr. Morton out, one might venture perhaps to suggest that Giordano Bruno's opinions were slightly more than "heretical." A master of offensiveness, he denied Our Lord's divinity and called him a "magician."

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

JAMES JOYCE

The Letters of James Joyce, edited by Stuart Gilbert (Faber 42s).

James Joyce's World, by Patricia Hutchins (Methuen 30s).

THE LETTERS of James Joyce, now edited sixteen years after the novelist's death, will be approached with high expectation by those interested in this strangely dedicated life. Up to a point, they will not be disappointed. Opening with a letter of congratulation addressed by the nineteen year old student to Henrik Ibsen on the occasion of his seventy-third birthday and closing with a note to the Burgomaster of Zürich written in the last days of 1940, the correspondence covers the whole of Joyce's career and deals, often in great detail, with the growth of his successive literary projects and the difficulties he encountered in bringing them to the notice of a largely indifferent world. The life-long struggle with publishers and censors, the shadows cast by ill-health and growing blindness are described—generally—with remarkable detachment and restraint, as by one whom they neither surprise nor overcome; and behind them, more especially in the later years, we are made aware of a personality surprisingly

human in its intimate attachments, deeply solicitous for the welfare of family and friends. If these letters do not go further than they do in helping us to understand the nature of the creative impulse that went to the making of Joyce's novels, that is no doubt due to the stress laid by the novelist upon the essential detachment of the creative writer, his belief that—to echo the words of Stephen Dedalus—"the artist, like the God of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, paring his finger nails." Whether this is a statement of strength or a concealment of fundamental weakness (or, as may be the case, a mixture of both), only close and critical attention to the novels themselves can show.

Patricia Hutchins's book, which makes a suitable pendant to the letters and frequently draws upon them, is in the nature of a literary pilgrimage. She has chosen to visit the various places, in Ireland and elsewhere, with which Joyce was successively associated, and to bring out the links which bind these to his work. The result is a book of genuinely evocative quality, which corresponds fittingly to the strain of reminiscence, of life recalled and recreated, which Joyce—though to very differing ends—shares with his great contemporary Proust. Neither it nor the letters will in themselves provoke a judgment on the validity of the undertaking to which Joyce so exclusively devoted his life, though both bear witness to its scope and to the consistency and concentration with which he followed the light of his inspiration. Whatever the final verdict—and critics have thus far shown themselves remarkably evasive in their pronouncements—both these books testify to the presence in Joyce of some at least of the qualities of genius.

DEREK TRAVERSI

FASHIONABLE APPROACHES

Emergence from Chaos, by Stuart Holroyd (Gollancz, 18s).
Testament of Experience, by Vera Brittain (Gollancz, 21s).

BOTH THESE BOOKS, in their individual fashion, present us with a world-view of life; the first, by means of the formal essay, the second, in autobiographical mode. In every other sense they differ: in style, attitude, and conclusions, as well as in the author's age. The culture and experience of two generations has helped to set them utterly apart.

Mr. Stuart Holroyd is twenty-three (a year younger, as his publisher reminds us, than Mr. Colin Wilson of *Outsider* fame. Indeed, he shares something with this coffee-bar synthesist, but is more explicit, more scholarly and sober, more purposive and to the point).

The first section of his book consists of an assault on secular humanism and a defence of the religious view of life. He considers, next, three chief religious types: the saint, the sinner, and the mystic, and their potential relationship to the creation of art. In the last chapter of this section, Mr. Holroyd deals with what he finds to be the need for a philosophy of experience as against a philosophy of convention. "Subjective religion," he writes, "is the only antidote" for the levelling alienation of man from God and man.

The second section of the book examines the work of six modern poets (Rimbaud, Whitman, Rilke, Yeats, Dylan Thomas, and T. S. Eliot), inquires as to how they overcame the burden of "alienation," and in what degree their imaginitive solution might be termed religious. Here, Mr. Eliot receives top marks, while Dylan Thomas is put bottom of the class.

Mr. Holroyd shows a mind of much promise, but it seems his position is an interim one. He is deeply attracted to Catholicism, but as a system of experiential wisdom rather than as a divine revelation. "The question of the truth of a religion or its dogma does not arise," he tells us, "for religion is not justified by its truth but by its efficacy." This is curiously like William James's pragmatism, a philosophy which Mr. Holroyd would surely consider too optimistic. Such discrepancies will have to be thought out.

Miss Vera Brittain, veteran author of the *Testaments of Youth* and *Friendship*, has now brought her autobiography up to date. Hers is the publicists' crowded world of left-wing politics and pacifism; and the reader is rushed, through near five hundred pages, from one progressive conference to another. As a ground-theme to this active music, we have the story of the author's marriage, and the conflict between motherhood and her career.

Miss Brittain is a woman of good will, but I hesitate to think what Mr. Holroyd would make of her book.

DEREK STANFORD

SHORTER NOTICES

The Background of the New Testament and its Eschatology. Studies in Honour of C. H. Dodd, edited by W. D. Davies and D. Daube. (Cambridge University Press 70s).

THE DISTINCTION of the authors and the general standard of their contributions make this noble volume indispensable in any theological library and a *Festgabe* worthy of the great scholar whom it honours. Although Bultmann himself claims no more than seven pregnant pages for his courteous broadside, the reader constantly feels,

as he peruses these twenty-six essays, that he is listening to a dialogue between the form-critics of the Bultmann school and the more orthodox scholars. While some of the contributions are less enlightened, the best essays show that modern biblical scholarship vindicates traditional Catholic positions. W. F. Albright, for instance, demonstrates the untenability of the hypothesis of Mandean influence on St. John's Gospel and underlines the significance of the almost total break in the archaeological evidence at the destruction of Jerusalem; the conclusion must be that the accurate "local colour" in the synoptic Gospels and Acts proves that they either ante-date A.D. 70 or embody oral traditions transmitted from before that time. T. W. Mahson exposes the unreliability of the view (held by some Protestant scholars) that much of the New Testament teaching, really deriving from other sources, was fathered upon Jesus by the early Church. Somewhat similarly, C. K. Barrett shows that the sacrificial theology of *Hebrews*, original and independent as it is, is differentiated from the ideas of Philo, Barnabas and Plato and takes its place naturally in the general pattern of New Testament eschatology. The Dean of Winchester, in an essay surpassed by none, writes that "*I Peter* presents us with a singularly clear mirror of Christian life and faith as we may suppose it to have been in the sixties of the first century" and shows how in Christ and the Church the eschatological hope has become a historical experience.

Wyndham Lewis: A Portrait of the Artist as the Enemy, by Geoffrey Wagner (Routledge, 35s).

SIR HAROLD NICOLSON once observed that while the English intellectual generally professes a love of order, he is less enthusiastic about authority. This briefly suggests the dilemma in his own nature which Wyndham Lewis faced; and which led him, in his pursuit of a "politic of the intellect," into a number of questionable quarters. The net result of his search, in terms of finality, was certainly something resembling contradiction. In 1927 he described his position as "partly communist and partly fascist, with a distinct streak of monarchism in my marxism, but at bottom anarchist with a healthy passion for order."

It is from these polygonal manoeuvres that Mr. Geoffrey Wagner has attempted to arrive at a conclusion. He proceeds, accumulatively, by assembling a sum of cross-references whose heads of addition and subtraction he then counts. This does not make for agile judgment or intuitive estimation, but has the advantage of securing fairness for an author too often unfair to others.

Mr. Wagner argues that Wyndham Lewis derived the substance of his thought from French and German philosophers: from Maurras, Benda, Massis, Seillière, Lasserre, Worringer, and Lipps. This loan, in

aggregate, Mr. Wagner calls neo-classicism, an attitude which he finds deficient when applied to the problems of contemporary living. Wyndham Lewis remains for him an impressively negative force, a great satirical "nay-sayer," withheld by delimiting obsessions from a universal or total view of things.

Mr. Wagner's book is a model of documented criticism. It has all the care—for fact, source, quotation—which we associate with American literary scholarship. Happily, too, it is lucid in style—a recommendation we cannot allow to run concurrently with the former virtue. Mr. Wagner (a graduate of Oxford, with a doctorate from Columbia) not only teaches English: he writes it.

The Revolt of Asia, by Christopher Dawson (Sheed and Ward 3s 6d).

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that these articles, originally written for *The Tablet*, were re-issued in pamphlet form on 12 April of this year, just nine days before the Holy Father published his encyclical, *Fidei Donum*, on the future of Africa. Both deal with a subject which is forcing itself into the minds of most thoughtful Catholics, the shock brought to the peoples of Asia and Africa in the last ten years by their being overwhelmed by western ideas and technology, the consequent dissolution of age-old beliefs and social units, and the opportunity and danger for Christianity. The two continents are at their time of decision, of *κρίσις*, in the exact sense in which the word is used in St. John's Gospel of Christ and His teaching. Mr. Dawson does not think it entirely impossible that just as at the time of the early Christians the world mission of the Church was established for all time in the great cities, so the key points of oriental Christianity may be Calcutta, Bombay, Tokyo, Shanghai, Canton and Singapore, and that its leaders may be found "in the same urban cosmopolitan classes from which the leaders of the primitive church were drawn." The treatment is as well informed and acute as one would expect in a work of Mr. Dawson, and dealing as it does, with perhaps the greatest issue of our time deserves to be widely read.

Madame Elizabeth, 1764-1794, by Maurice de la Fuye and Emile Albert Babeau. Preface by S.A.R. Prince Xavier de Bourbon (Lethieulleux 960 frs).

MADAME ELIZABETH was a younger sister of Louis XVI of France, shared with him the ordeals of the French Revolution, was imprisoned with him in the Temple and was guillotined on 10 May 1794. Even in Revolutionary Paris she was called "la sainte des Tuilleries," and anyone who reads the present scholarly work will find plenty of reason to be glad that the cause of her beatification has been

begun. The work is largely based on Madame Elizabeth's own letters, and these, together with accounts by her contemporaries, reveal her as a forceful but attractive personality. In her clear opinions, energy and political insight she was an extraordinary contrast to her brother, the king. Her physical and moral courage was also outstanding, and she needed it all during her prolonged and harrowing sufferings. It is to be hoped that this book will spread knowledge of her in France and elsewhere.

The Road to Santiago, by Walter Starkie (Murray 25s).

THOSE WHO ENJOYED the Spanish travel books and wandering gypsy minstrel books of Dr. Starkie will hugely enjoy this account of Santiago which gives an exhaustive history of the art and traditions of the third most famous pilgrimage of the medieval centuries: Jerusalem, Rome and Compostella were the shrines which attracted pilgrims from all over Europe, and those who enjoyed their *Canterbury Tales* will find much to delight them in "A Modern Pilgrim," Dr. Starkie's account of his fourth journey to Compostella along the Via Tolosana from Arles in 1954.

I realised [writes the author about the beginning of his pilgrimage], that as we get older we become more and more obsessed by the longing to undertake a hidden journey which will remind us of the ultimate one, and evoke for us countless shadowy spirits, who, though they have long since been ferried across to the further bank of the last river, yet continue to haunt us as we plod along the road.

Dr. Starkie writes well of the towns, churches and historical personages recalled by his journey through Arles, St. Gilles, Carcassonne and the rest—Abbot Ford of Downside used to say that the very names of these places were poems in themselves—yet it is his descriptions of the living people he met on the way that will linger longest in the minds of his readers: the two young priest workers with whom he travelled to Carcassonne, and the father aged sixty and his wounded ex-service-man son who were footing it from Avignon to Compostella. "C'est une promesse," said the father, "but we are not in a hurry: time is no object to us." The son had a bad limp, and hobbled with a stick; but when the author advised against his continuing his painful progress, the youth replied: "*Chacun fait ce qu'il peut.* Many pilgrims go by train, by car, by motor bus, and soon they will go by aeroplane to Santiago, just as they go to Lourdes, Fatima and Rome." There is also the old Italian lady whom Dr. Starkie met at Lourdes, where he himself was cured as a French peasant had prophesied, whose account of the apparitions is superbly recorded, ending in her profession of faith in the future:

"The pilgrimages are bringing the people together from different countries and getting them to know one another, for all the hatred in the world, my friend, is due to ignorance, and lack of knowledge and above all fear. Nowadays the only answer we Christians can make to the atomic and hydrogen bombs with which they threaten us in the next war is to meet altogether in pilgrimage and pray together for peace and understanding."

This superbly produced and beautifully illustrated book should prove the definitive guide-book in English for those who go to visit St. James the Moorslayer at Compostella. There is something of the Irish nanny about Professor Starkie as *cicerone*, and he plays his fiddle, of which there is a splendid woodcut in the book, so well that the pilgrims needs must dance when he plays in the Spanish sunlight. The reviewer remembers the festivities (on the part of the undergraduates of Dublin University) to mark Dr. Starkie's fellowship; those who read this book will understand the cause of their joy.

The Power and Secret of the Jesuits, by René Fülöp-Miller (Peter Owen 35s).

JESUITS will view the republication of Fülöp-Miller's book with mixed feelings. An extended exercise in impressionist history by a journalist of talent, this work, though often interesting, is very uneven; the high speed with which the book was composed perhaps explains why it is inaccurate and unscholarly. The author is at his best in narrative and descriptive passages, such as the exciting and colourful section entitled "Behind a Thousand Masks." The sub-titles of this part, "At the Court of the Great Voo," "Jesuits as Brahmins and Yogis," "Before the Gates of China," "At the Court of the Great Mogul," "Conversion through Clock and Calendar," "A Forest Utopia," etc., sufficiently suggest the aim and method. But regrettably the author fancied himself in the character of a critic of ideas, a role for which he was inadequately equipped. His value-judgments and discussions of theoretical questions are sometimes naïve to a degree and often vitiated by elementary mistakes. To take but one simple example, he attributes to the canonised Founder of the Jesuits the (Pelagian) doctrine that "man can attain perfection by his own will and his own powers."

This gross inaccuracy, combined with the author's own relativism, makes it the less surprising that, in spite of some genuine insights and just appreciations of the Jesuit mystique, he accepts in the end the rather startling verdict of the Grand Inquisitor in *The Brothers Karamazov*, that Jesuit spirituality is based on "a contempt for humanity." It seems probable, also, that Fülöp-Miller has the faults of his qualities,

and just as his imagination and capacity for generous feeling responded to the high romance of Ricci and of Paraguay, so he fell completely under the spell of Dostoevsky's artistry and reached his final verdict without any critical process of reason. He was, perhaps, in too much of a hurry to give serious consideration to the rival—and, on the face of it, more likely—hypothesis, that the secret of whatever power the Jesuits have had to influence history has been the inspiration derived from loyalty to and union with Him whose name their Order bears.

The present edition is impoverished by the absence of the twenty-four pages of bibliography and the 142 illustrations, many of unusual interest or beauty, which graced the *editio princeps*. The numerous errors pointed out by reviewers of that (1929) edition remain uncorrected.

The Missal in Latin and English (Burns and Oates. Leatherette, 35s, French morocco, 50s, Full leather, 65s).

THIS is the second edition of the Missal produced by Fr. O'Connell and Mr. H. P. R. Finberg which first appeared in 1949. The various modifications in the calendar and rubrics brought in in 1955 by the Congregation of Rites are here included, as well as the latest Order for Holy Week. There is, moreover, a point which will be appreciated by many, a table covering the whole liturgical year instead of the movable feasts only. And there are Miss Joan Hassall's all-too-infrequent terminal and head-piece woodcuts. Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne are to be congratulated on bringing up to date thus satisfactorily so essential a work.

The Turbulent Priest by Piers Compton (Staples 15s).

THIS is a popular graphically written account of St. Thomas of Canterbury, with some good descriptive chapters, for example, on the Council of Northampton and on the martyrdom. Becket's years in exile are also well treated, and the work in general bears evidence of careful investigation. It is a pity however that the author strays from his subject to introduce superficial and misleading generalisations in contrasting the Middle Ages and our own times. They prove nothing and will only annoy. The bibliography does not profess to be exhaustive, but one would nevertheless have expected it to include Z. N. Brooke's *English Church and the Papacy* and Maitland's famous essay on Criminous Clerks.



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The constant flow of enquiries and requests for advice, addressed to "Going Away" every year, further illustrates the confidence readers show in THE CATHOLIC HERALD.

* With apologies to Messrs. Constable and "The Long Walk" (15s.)

ONE of the great occupational risks of business life under the pressure of to-day is that the practical man of affairs neglects his outside reading, and all too easily falls into a narrow circle of immediate preoccupations. There is always loss in this, and the Catholic business or professional man, as a member of the Church Universal, has a particularly strong reason for keeping his mind open to wider horizons. Certainly it was never more necessary than now to follow world happenings. A direct chain of causes and effects ties every business to economical changes in the world, which are themselves as often the consequence as the cause of changes in men's political and social ideas. These ideas in their turn come out of the religious, or irreligious, of contemporary man.

In many countries the Catholic Church is at the heart of the battle of ideas. Cardinal Manning's saying that "all great quarrels between men are at bottom theological" suggests that there is, in fact, no better starting-point or background for understanding the modern world than a Catholic one. Because of this approach and background

THE TABLET

is a weekly review unlike any other in this country, and more and more discerning readers find its value to them year by year. THE TABLET is obtainable from any news-agent, price 9d. weekly, or direct by post from the Publisher, 128 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1, price 45s. per annum, post free. Send a postcard for a specimen copy.

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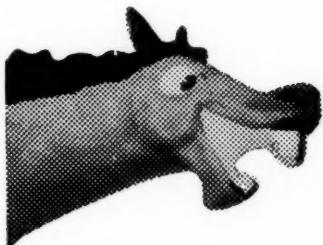
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